

Part of an Article from the Edinburgh Review.\*

1. *Histoire de la République d'Angleterre et de Cromwell* (1649-1658). Par M. Guizot. 2 Tomes. Paris: 1854.
2. *Richard Cromwell*. Par M. Guizot. Paris: 1856.
3. *History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth*. By M. Guizot. Translated from the French by A. Scoble, Esq. 2 vols. London: 1854.

Up to the time when Mr. Macaulay, some seven and twenty years ago, remarked in this Journal of the character of Cromwell, that though constantly attacked and scarcely ever defended, it had yet always continued popular with the great body of his countrymen, it is unquestionable that the memory of the great Protector, assiduously blackened as it had been in almost every generation since his death, had failed to find a writer in any party entirely prepared to act as its champion. Down to the days of Mr. Hume, Cromwell remained for the most part what that philosophical historian very unphilosophically called him, "a fanatical hypocrite;" and though there was afterwards a great change, though to praise him was no longer punishable, though to revile him became almost unfashionable, and at last the champion ready on every point to defend and uphold him was found in Mr. Carlyle, it is yet remarkable what differences as to his moral qualities continued to prevail, where even the desire to exalt his intellectual abilities was most marked and prominent. We shall best perhaps exhibit this, and with it the authorities on which M. Guizot has had mainly to rely, if we briefly sketch Cromwell under the leading general aspects in which he has appeared to the readers of English history, from the opening of the present century to our own day. Under three divisions, we think, all may be sufficiently included.

The first would run somewhat thus. That when the struggle had passed from the parliament house into the field of battle, there somewhat suddenly arose into the first place amid the popular ranks, a man not more re-

markable for his apparent religious fanaticism than for the sagacity of his practical outlook on affairs. So far indeed had the latter quality in him a tendency, as events moved on, to correct the former, that even what was sincere in his religious views soon yielded to the teachings and temptations of worldly experience, and religion itself became with him but the cloak to a calculating policy. His principal associates were bigots in republicanism; but he had himself too much intellect to remain long under a delusion so preposterous as that monarchy, aristocracy, and episcopacy were not essential to England. As the opponent of all three, nevertheless, he was pledged too deeply to recede, and such was the false position in which his very genius and successes placed him, that with no love for hypocrisy, he became of necessity a hypocrite. To cant in his talk, to grimace in his gestures, on his very knees in prayer to know no humility, were the crooked ways by which alone he could hope to reach the glittering prize that tempted him. When at last it fell within his grasp, therefore, when he had struck aside the last life that intercepted his path to sovereignty, and all he sought was won, there came with it the inseparable attendants of discontent and remorse. "What would not Cromwell have given," exclaims Mr. Southey, "whether he looked to this world or the next, if his hands had been clear of the king's blood!" The height to which he afterwards rose never lifted him above that stain. It darkened the remainder of his life with sorrow. "Fain would he have restored the monarchy," pursues Mr. Southey, "created a house of peers, and reestablished the episcopal church." But his guilt to royalty was not to be cleansed, or his crime to society redeemed, by setting up mere inadequate forms of the valuable institutions he had overthrown. He lived only long enough to convince himself of this; and at the close would have made himself the instrument for even a restoration of the Stuarts, if Charles could have forgiven the execution of his father. But this was not thought possible, and he died a defeated and disappointed man.

\* Twelve pages of the original are omitted. They relate to a private book of little importance to the Living Age.

The second view of the character would arrive, by very different reasoning, at something like the same conclusion of grief and disappointment. Within somewhat similar toils of ambition, however, it exhibits a far greater and purer soul. It would seem to be founded on the belief that a man must have thoroughly deceived himself before he succeeds on any great or extended scale in deceiving others; and here the final remorse is made to arise, not from treason to royalty, but from treason to liberty. In *this* Cromwell, we have a man never wholly without a deep and sincere religion, however often able to wrest it to worldly purposes; and, if never altogether without ambition, yet with the highest feelings and principles intermingling with the earlier promptings of it. There is presented to us a man not always loving liberty, but always restless and insubordinate against tyranny; and at the last, even with his hand upon the crown, driven back from it by the influence still possessed over him by old republican associates. His nature, in this view of it, is of that complicated kind, that, without being false to itself, it has yet not been true to others; and it is even more the consciousness of what might have been his success, than the sense of what has been his failure, which makes the grief of his closing years. While he has grasped at a shadow of personal authority, the means of government have broken from him; and, failing as a sovereign, he cannot further succeed as a ruler. Difficulties without have accumulated, as perplexities within increased; and his once lofty thoughts and aspirations have sunk into restless provisions for personal safety. The day which released his great spirit, therefore, the anniversary of his victories of Worcester and Dunbar, was to be held still his "Fortunate Day" for the sake of the death it brought, not less than it was so held of old for the triumphs it associated with his name.

The third stands apart from both of these, and may be taken as the expression of certain absolute results, to which a study of the entire of Cromwell's letters and speeches, brought into succinct arrangement and connection, has been able to bring an earnest inquirer. We may thus describe them. That in the harsh untuneable voice which rose in protest against popery in the third parliament, was heard at once the complete type

and the noblest development of what was meant by the Puritan Rebellion. That there then broke forth the utterance of a true man, of a consistency of character perfect to a heroic degree, and whose figure has heretofore been completely distorted by the mists of time and prepossession through which we have looked back at it into the past. That *this* Cromwell was no hypocrite or actor of plays, had no vanity or pride in the prodigious intellect he possessed, was no theorist in politics or government, was no victim of ambition, was no seeker after sovereignty or temporal power. That he was a man whose every thought was with the Eternal,—a man of a great, robust, massive mind, and of an honest, stout, English heart; subject to melancholy for the most part, because of the deep yearnings of his soul for the sense of divine forgiveness, but inflexible and resolute always, because in all things governed by the supreme law. That in him was seen a man whom no fear but of the divine anger could distract; whom no honor in man's bestowal could seduce or betray; who knew the duty of the hour to be ever imperative, and who sought only to do the work, whatever it might be, whereunto he believed God to have called him. That here was one of those rare souls which could lay upon itself the lowliest and the highest functions alike, and find itself in them all, self-contained and sufficient,—the dutiful gentle son, the quiet country gentleman, the sportive tender husband, the fond father, the active soldier, the daring political leader, the powerful sovereign,—under each aspect still steady and unmoved to the transient outward appearances of this world, still wrestling and trampling forward to the sublime hopes of another, and passing through every instant of its term of life as through a Marston Moor, a Worcester, a Dunbar. That such a man could not have consented to take part in public affairs under any compulsion less strong than that of conscience. That his business in them was to serve the Lord, and to bring his country under subjection to God's laws. That if the statesmen of the republic who had labored and fought with him could not also see their way to that prompt sanctification of their country, he did well to strike them from his path, and unrelentingly denounce or imprison them. That he felt, unless his purpose were so carried out unflinchingly, a curse would be upon

him; that no act necessitated by it could be other than just and noble; and that there could be no treason against royalty or liberty, unless it were also treason against God. That, finally, as he lived he died, in the conviction that human laws were nothing unless brought into agreement with divine laws, and that the temporal must also mean the spiritual government of man.

And now, with these three aspects of the same character before us, we may perhaps better measure the view which M. Guizot takes of Cromwell. Something of the first will be found in it, of the second decidedly yet more; and though it has nothing of the remorse with which both cloud the latter days of the Protector, it expresses the same sense of failure and loss, and stops with a faltering step far short of where his last and warmest panegyrist would place him. Free and unhesitating, nevertheless, is its admiration of his genius and greatness, and earnest and unshrinking the sympathy expressed with his courage and his practical aims. It would seem to be the view too exclusively of a statesman and a man of the world, of one who has lived too near to revolutions, and suffered from them too much, always to see them in their right proportions, to measure them patiently by their own laws, or adjust them fairly to their settled meaning and ultimate design. But there is nothing in it which is petty or unjust,—nothing that is unworthy of a high clear intellect.

A great man, then, but enamored of this world's substantial greatness, is M. Guizot's Cromwell. All that was noble in his mind, and all that was little, he was able to subordinate to the lust of material dominion. But where that passion led him, there also lay what he believed to be his duty; and if, in the pursuit of it, he suffered no principle of right to be a barrier upon his path, neither did he suffer any mists of petty vanity to cloud his perfect view of whatever hard or faint road might lie before him. To govern, says M. Guizot, that was his design. The business of his life was to arrive at government, and to maintain himself in it; his enemies were those who would throw any bar or hindrance in the way of this; and, excepting those whom he used as its agents, he had no friends. Such a man was Cromwell, if he be judged rightly by the French historian. He was a great and a successful, but an

unscrupulous man. With equal success he attempted and accomplished the most opposite enterprises. During eighteen years a leading actor in the business of the world, and always in the character of victor, he by turns scattered disorder and established order, excited revolution and chastised it, overthrew the government and raised it again. At each moment and in each situation, he unravelled with a wonderful sagacity the passions and the interests that happened to be dominant; and, twisting all their threads into his own web of policy, he clothed himself with their authority, and knew how to identify with theirs his own dominion. Always bent upon one great aim, he spurned any charge of inconsistency in the means by which he pursued it. His past might at any time belie his present, but for that he cared little. He steered his bark according to the wind that blew; and however the prow might point at one time and another, it was enough for him if he could ride the stormy waters of the revolution, and make quick voyage without shipwreck to the harbor beyond. The oneness of his aim was the consistency that covered any incoherence in the conduct of his enterprise. His work was good if it attained its crown. His seamanship was creditable if it took him safely across to the desired port,—port royal.

Not that this expressed in him any mean or low desire for a merely selfish aggrandizement. It is a main point in M. Guizot's judgment of the character of Cromwell, that he holds him to have been a man who felt, quite as distinctly as M. Guizot himself feels, an absence of practical sense in even the noblest system that is revolutionary. He was thoroughly aware that a people like the English, reverent of law, though they might crush a king by whom the law had been defied, would nevertheless remain true in their hearts to the principle of monarchy. When he proposed, therefore, finally to stand before the English as their sovereign, the Cromwell of M. Guizot was but shaping his ambition by the spirit of the nation he sought to rule. His soul was too great to be satisfied with a mere personal success. To become a constitutional king was only his last aim but one. His last, and the dearest object of his life, was to transmit a crown and sceptre, as their birthright, to succeeding members of his family. He was a man,

however, who could conquer but not found. He conquered much more than the power of king of England, but also much less than the name; and while his own wish, and the genius of the nation, were begetting parliaments, and not an effort was left unattempted by him to put off his absolutist habits, and to live within the means of a ruler accountable to Lords and Commons, these were the only labors of his life in which he failed. To substitute for a weak house of Stuart a strong house of Cromwell, at the gate of the great temple of the constitution, was, if M. Guizot be right in his view, the noblest aim of the Protectorate. But herein the Protector failed; and the historian to whom disorder is the synonym for revolution, closes with this sentence the "*Histoire de la République d'Angleterre et de Cromwell* : "

"God does not grant to the great men who have set on disorder the foundations of their greatness, the power to regulate at their pleasure and for centuries, even according to their better desires, the government of nations."\*

That is the moral of the book : and it may be well that the reader should see, before we proceed farther, how the few simple and pregnant words composing it are given in the English version. For M. Guizot has found an authorized translator whose endeavor has been "to make as literal a translation as was compatible with our English idiom;" and the sentence, which translates literally as above, is accommodated in manner following to the English idiom : "God does not grant to those great men who have laid the foundation of their greatness amidst disorder and revolution, the power of regulating at their pleasure, and for succeeding ages, the government of nations." Of which sentence the accommodation to English idiom will be seen mainly to consist in the addition of "and revolution" to "disorder," whereby it is implied in the English that the two things are different, whereas it is in the spirit of the French to assume that they are like; and in the entire omission of the very pregnant clause by which both the summary of Cromwell's ambition is qualified to his credit, and the moral of the historian would draw from it is pointedly enforced, namely,

\* "Dieu n'accorde pas aux grands hommes qui ont posé dans le désordre les fondements de leur grandeur, le pouvoir de régler, à leur gré et pour des siècles, même selon leurs meilleurs desirs, le gouvernement des nations."

that in the opinion of M. Guizot, even designs that might seem well worthy of completion are frustrated by the divine wisdom, when disorder is used as a step to their accomplishment.

As it is in this opening sentence, however, so is it, we regret to say, through almost every part of the work of the translator, and since we have interrupted ourselves to say so much, we may as well delay the reader a little longer to prove it. For it is surely to be regretted that a history like this by M. Guizot, a book so especially interesting to Englishmen that a place was at once ready in our permanent literature for a good translation of it, should have failed to find the proper care and attention in this respect. If books were to be swallowed like water, with no regard to the mere pleasure of the taste, it would matter little; but there is a style in writing as there is a bouquet in wine, and if M. Guizot's be a little thin, it is yet pure, refined, and sparkling, with a delicate aroma. As he presents it to us, it is never flat or insipid; but from M. Guizot's flask to his translator's bucket is a lamentable plunge, and whatever spirit the original possessed we find dissipated in the transfer. A reconstruction into verbose, round-in-the-mouth sentences, is the utter destruction of M. Guizot's French. The sense comes muffled, as though the voice reached you through a feather bed. Let any one who cares to be at so much trouble read separately this book and its translation, and he will be surprised to find how much is lost when style is lost. The two versions leave absolutely different impressions of the author's mind.

Without any special search for glaring instances, we will begin at the beginning. We will take the first dozen pages (written when the translator, fresh to his work, could hardly have begun to slip through weariness), and see what has been made of them. Why the very title has been altered in significance. M. Guizot wrote *History of the Commonwealth of England and of Cromwell*, and this the translator brings into compatibility with English idiom by writing *History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth*. It does not occur to him that there may be sense, no less than sound, in the order of the words placed upon his title-page by the historian. His problem is to impart what he conceives to be an easy



flow to a given number of vocables; and if for him they flow better upside down than straightforward, they are, as in this title, inverted accordingly.

It is a noticeable peculiarity of M. Guizot, that in characterizing historical persons he shows himself prone to dwell on the contradictory appearances assumed by the same nature of a man. Whenever it is possible he marks the two sides which belong to human character, and the ease with which opposite opinions may with no dishonesty be formed. Of this there is of course no example in his book, or in the whole range of human history, so prominent as Cromwell himself; and as all opposite qualities maintain the balance of an active mind, the temptation is great to the historian to bring out the expression of such contrasts in a strong antithesis. So strong generally in M. Guizot, indeed, is this form of speech, that it takes but the least additional strain to turn it into nonsense; and not seldom his translator goes far to effect this. He cannot give simply even such an epithet as "the lustre of their actions and their destiny," in the very first sentence, "*l'éclat de leur actions et de leur destinée*," without turning it into "the splendor of their actions and the magnitude of their destiny."

The history begins with a picture of the Long Parliament under its republican chiefs, reduced in number by secessions following the execution of the king, and regarded without sympathy by the main body of the people. In the February following the execution, there were not more than seventy-seven members who recorded votes at any of the divisions, and of these divisions M. Guizot counts eight. The translator alters this into ten, without a note to indicate the change. The parliamentary leaders, M. Guizot continues, set to work, "*avec une ardeur pleine en même temps de foi et d'inquiétude*:" a hint of the secret disquiet at the heart of theorists committed to action, which in the translation loses both subtlety and sense by the exaggeration of disquiet into anxiety, and by the yoking of an adjective to each noun for the more dignified and sonorous roll of the period. They set to work, says the translator, with an ardor full "at once of strong faith and deep anxiety." Enter thus upon the sentence the words strong and deep, and exeunt from the sense of it the things strength and depth.

Forty-one councillors of state were presently appointed, and among those chosen, says M. Guizot, there were five superior magistrates, and twenty-eight country gentlemen and citizens: but these numbers, again without a note to say that he is not translating, the translator alters, one into three, the other into thirty. When these councillors met, continues the historian, they were required to sign an engagement approving of all that had been done "in the king's trial, and in the abolition of monarchy and of the House of Lords:" but this expression is too simple for the translator, who words it and double words it, "in the king's trial, in the overthrow of kingship, and in the abolition of the House of Lords." Twenty-two, proceeds M. Guizot, persisted "*a le repousser*;" but this word of spirit vanishes from the translation, where it is said, in the interest of English idiom, that they persisted "in refusing it." The substance of their reasons, adds M. Guizot, the tone of his mind insensibly coloring his expression, was that they "refused to associate themselves" with the past; but heavily clouded is this hint of a personal stain, and of the dread of complicity, when the translator turns it into "refused to give their sanction." Excited by the censure so implied, resumes M. Guizot, the House nevertheless checked its own resentment, ("*on ne voulut pas faire éclater les dissensions des républicains*;" ) and here his temperate and subtle tone again directs attention to the weakness of the theoretical republicans, in the fact that they did not wish to publish abroad their dissensions. But the entire sense of it is lost by the translator, who thus again words and double words and smothers it in idiom. "To originate dissensions among the republicans would, it was felt, be madness." There is already discord in the camp, suggests M. Guizot. Discord, suggests his translator, had yet to begin, and these were not men mad enough to set it going. The translator may be right, but he is not translating M. Guizot.

The historian still pursues his theme. "*Les régicides com'prirent qu'ils seraient trop faibles s'ils restaient seuls*:" but that the translation might become "too weak" indeed, the simple words "trop faibles" are multiplied into the idiomatic English of "not strong enough to maintain their po-

sition." The matter was accordingly arranged, says M. Guizot, "sans plus de bruit." Hushed-up would be no bad idiom for that; but unfortunately hushed-up would mean what M. Guizot means, and so, says the translator, it was arranged "without further difficulty." Significantly M. Guizot adds, of the modified pledge offered by the dissidents, that with it "on se contenta;" which insignificantly the translator renders "it was accepted."

These are small items of criticism, it will be said. But let it be understood that the last seven of them all arise out of a single paragraph, and that the last six are all on the same page; and let any one conceive what murder is done upon the soul of a book, 700 pages long, when a translator sits down in this manner to the work of killing it by inches.

We turn over, and on the first line of the next page read that the compromise described was "to a very great extent" the work of Cromwell and Sir Henry Vane: "to a very great extent" being the translator's idiom for "surtout." Before we get to the middle of the page we find a date set down as November, without any note of its having been written December in the text. On the first line of the next page, Vane's suggestion of an oath of fidelity simply referring to the future is spoken of as an idea whereof Cromwell was one of the most eager "to express his entire approval:" the translator in that supplying his peculiar idiom for "à s'en contenter." Similarly we find, in the sentence following, that for "nul" the English idiom is "no one for a moment." Of the committee of three who held the powers of the Admiralty, M. Guizot says that Vane "était l'âme," and his translator says (diluting it into his idiom) that Vane "was the chief." Blake then enters on the scene, by whom, according to M. Guizot, the glory of the Commonwealth at sea was hereafter "à faire;" and this expression is rendered "to augment," that its spirit may be utterly destroyed.

We promised to comment on the first dozen pages of the authorized English version of M. Guizot's Commonwealth and Cromwell, and if we redeem our promise we must discuss four more. Rather than do that, we will break it. But we quote from both texts the beginning of page nine; the English water side by side with the French

wine; and we think no reader who examines it will desire that we should splash on through the rest of this page, or the pages following. The passage, feeble as it is, is far above the average; for in it the sense of the text does absolutely survive what the translator overlays it with, though in what condition the reader will see.

"La chambre avait touché et pourvu à tout; la législation, la diplomatie, la justice, la police, les finances, l'armée, la flotte étaient dans ses mains. Pour paraître aussi désintéressée qu'elle était active, elle admit les membres qui s'étaient séparés du parti vainqueur, au moment de sa rupture définitive avec le roi, à reprendre leur place dans ses rangs, mais en leur imposant un tel desaveu de leurs anciens votes que bien peu d'entre eux purent s'y résoudre."

"The house had revised and arranged every department of the administration; the legislation and diplomacy of the country, the courts of justice, the police, the finances, the army and the fleet, were all in its hands. To appear as disinterested as it was active, it permitted those members who had separated from the conquering party, at the moment of its definitive rupture with the king, to resume their seats in its midst; but it required from them at the same time such a disavowal of their former votes, that very few could persuade themselves to take advantage of this concession."

Such is the translation which M. Guizot has unfortunately authorized, and which the law now protects against any better that might replace it. The example should not be thrown away. It is an evil, but ought not to be a necessary evil, of the protection given under international copyright, that if a book be marred in the translation, it is marred past hope of mending. The new law is not less politic than it is just, for without it there can be no inducement sufficient to invite to such labor the employment of original talents and real learning. But if, through want of care in obtaining these, incapacity is now employed and protected, mischief beyond retrieval is done. Foreign writers cannot be too careful; what an engraver is in the eyes of an artist, a translator should be in the eyes of an author; and while, in the former case, our academicians have been lately yielding, to the most eminent in the craft, a right of brotherhood, in the latter the best masters have at all times been esteemed, by authors of repute, as brother craftsmen. If publishers are indisposed to the same view, the public should protect themselves. Copyright in translation will involve grave injury to them, if it

lowers instead of raising the average of translating ability by lowering the prices paid for it. To give no more under the new law to the author and the translator than under the old was given to the translator alone, is to mistake altogether the object of a change which was meant to increase the facilities for properly remunerating both, by protecting translations of a really high character from unequal rivalry with the indifferent or utterly worthless. We invite to the subject, therefore, a more minute attention than it has hitherto been customary to give to it. A more exacting criticism of translation as translation may at least check the incapable with some fear of censure, and cheer on the work of the really able with some small hope of a just fame.

The lights and shades of style indicate the bias of an author's mind. In describing their effacement from the English version of this history, we have found also means to indicate what, in M. Guizot's case, the bias is. What it is, it could hardly fail to be. It requires but the opening sentences of the volumes \* to reveal to us that the feelings of the writer are here more nearly touched than they have been by the former portion of his narrative. His account of our revolution down to the king's execution was given in a style as calm as it was clear; but where he has before him only the men of the Republic, though he is still philosophical, still to the utmost of his ability a righteous judge, there is yet a ripple before unseen on the surface of his judgment. The statesman who has connected his own name in history with endeavors to preserve a king and a constitution, and who nevertheless saw king and constitution swept away to make room for an ephemeral republic, holds fast still by a restricted

monarchy as not merely the best form of government, but, so to speak, as his own cause, and regards a republic with some sense of personal antagonism. The open expression of this, indeed, is as far as possible subdued; but not less is it discernible.

Sixty-one years ago a high-spirited young lawyer died at Nîmes on the scaffold, sentenced to death for his dislike of a republic by a court obedient to the French Republican Convention. That young man, twenty-seven years old when his life was taken, was the father of M. Guizot. The latter was only a boy of seven at the time, but old enough to receive into his soul undying recollection of the murder in the name of liberty that made a widow of his mother. The decree which took away the father's life and confiscated his possessions, ordered also that his children, — the boy just named, and another little son, — should be committed to the Foundling Hospital, and brought up in accordance with a revolutionary law. But their mother, a noble woman, whom her eldest-born, then become a statesman and historian of European fame, saw grieving after fifty years of widowhood with fresh tears for the husband of her youth, took them with the wreck of her fortune out of France, and dwelt with them for six years at Geneva, watching carefully their education. Father and mother had been pious Protestants, firm against the pressure of religious persecution; and, open to all grave and noble influences, M. Guizot's boyhood at Geneva was full of the promise which his manhood has long since more than fulfilled. By the reflective tone of his mind, by his skill in reasoning, by a surprising aptitude for the acquisition of languages, and by a taste for historical inquiry, even so early he distinguished himself. Sent at the age of eighteen as a law student to Paris, his abilities were quickly recognized by men ready to turn them to account. His pen was soon brought into use, and his literary talents as well as industry were displayed in the publication by him, at the age of twenty-two, of his well-known *Dictionary of Synonyms*. He had begun at the same time the arduous enterprise of a translation of Gibbon, with original notes; and so prompt was the recognition of his manifest ability, that at the age of twenty-four he was made Professor of Modern History at the Faculty of Letters.

\* "J'ai raconté la chute d'une ancienne monarchie et la mort violente d'un roi digne de respect, quoiqu'il ait mal et injustement gouverné ses peuples. J'ai maintenant à raconter les vains efforts d'une assemblée révolutionnaire pour fonder une république, et le gouvernement toujours chancelant, bien que fort et glorieux, d'un despote révolutionnaire, admirable par son hardi et judicieux génie, quoiqu'il ait attaqué et détruit, dans son pays, d'abord l'ordre légal, puis la liberté. Les hommes que Dieu prend pour instruments de ses grands desseins sont pleins de contradiction et de mystère; il mêle et unit en eux, dans des proportions profondément cachées, les qualités et les défauts, les vertus et les vices, les lumières et les erreurs, les grandeurs et les faiblesses; et après avoir rempli leur temps de l'éclat de leurs actions et de leur destinée, ils demeurent eux-mêmes obscurs au sein de leur gloire, encensés et maudits tour à tour par le monde qui ne les connaît pas."

Through all the troubles of France during the years that ensued, M. Guizot, known as a man of the future, steadily maintained his position as a calm antagonist of whatever he believed to be anarchy. Between republican and despot in the days of Bonaparte or Charles X., with a moral courage free from display of passion, he held firm to the lesson of his life which study had strengthened in him, that the quiet reign of a constitutional king, upon a system liberally conservative, is the condition of prosperity and peace for the French people, or for any people fairly civilized. Order, with liberty, was his creed in those days; as to the present it has remained his belief that liberty must be protected by order. One of his first political pamphlets was upon Representative Government; another was upon the mode of conducting government and opposition. One of the first inquiries into which he launched was a discovery for himself of the origin and causes of our great Revolution. He published a history of it to the death of Charles I.; and with a spirit and enterprise which has yet found no parallel in England, he completed, in no less than twenty-six octavo volumes, a translated collection of memoirs and histories relating to it. As a writer we should not omit to add, his first commanding success was won by his elaborate lectures on the origin of Representative Government in Europe, delivered at the temporary cost of his chair when France sorely needed reliable and wise information on that matter.

At last came the revolution of 1830, and there was placed upon the French throne a ruler whose most selfish interest it plainly was, not merely to offer a determined resistance to democratic passion, but to establish a government that should be in its nature both conservative and liberal; enough of the latter to be safe, enough of the former to satisfy European statesmen. In such a course there was no man in France so fit to counsel the King and serve the country as M. Guizot. The student of history, so skilful and dispassionate, became accordingly Minister of Interior to Louis Philippe; he gave his earnest support, though out of office, to the Ministry of Casimir Perier, and afterwards held the Ministry of Public Instruction for nearly five years, between 1832 and 1837; during the summer of 1840 was Ambassador in England; at the close of that

year formed the Ministry in which he took the office of Foreign Affairs, but of which he was the virtual head; and finally, on the death of Marshal Soult, in September, 1847, became its nominal as well as actual chief, and Prime Minister of France. The beginning of his new career was employed in decisive suppression of all active revolutionary opposition to the newly-established monarchy. The middle of it saw him the successful founder of a system of national education for his countrymen, far better than anything of a similar kind hitherto attempted in Great Britain. And it is quite possible that the close of it might have placed within his power the salvation of the French throne, if, in the critical hour, a failing king had not forsaken his counsels. Monarchy fell; and the same republican wrath which had destroyed his father again beat and surged round the monarchist statesman. But whatever his failures, in theory or in action, M. Guizot never failed in probity. He never flinched from the trial of his principles; never fell from his oaths or his professions; never in his public conduct abated a jot from the work demanded of him in his secret conscience. There have been many greater statesmen, but few so altogether free from moral stain.

Yet in his own country, where republicanism has been identified with revolution, there has been no man, with of course one exception, against whom so much ill has been spoken by republicans. From them he has endured, for many of the last years of his life as a statesman, the incessant sting of calumny. In resuming at its close, therefore, the story of a short-lived republic, he has before him the moral of the creed which for sixty years has been his private and his public enemy. Not for this reason, however, which the true scholar's spirit would disown, does he now, after the storm of his active life is over, return to the study of the revolution which earliest engaged his attention; but because, being complete, unlike that in progress and still undetermined in France, it admits of a perfect scrutiny, and offers most prospect of historical instruction. The "History of the Commonwealth and Cromwell" is the second of the four parts into which he divides it (the third being that of "Richard Cromwell," of which, by the favor of the author, the early portion is



also before us); and remembering that the very pulse of its author's life beats in it, we may well be surprised to find its stroke so regular and calm.

Far from reviling our historical republicans, whose high-minded endeavors he has quite nobility enough to understand, M. Guizot points out that the experiment they made was not in their time associated with any of those ideas of mere revolt and lawlessness which have lately been connected with such attempts. Under honorable forms only, as in Italy, Switzerland, or the Netherlands, was republican government then known; and the attempt to convert the English monarchy into a republic, was, to put his idea into plain words, such an experiment as decent men might put their hands to. In the eyes of continental nations it had also a religious aspect; and though he believes it, as a republican movement, to have been a mistake, he not the less believes that but for the violence necessarily incident to the transition from a kingdom to a commonwealth, the scheme might have been a successful one. But, in his judgment, a republic founded upon revolution finds its works soon clogged by that property in its founders, which, calling itself and thinking itself republican zeal, is in reality nothing but revolutionary obstinacy.

Thus, as might have been expected, M. Guizot is too accurate a thinker to condemn wholly as theory that scheme of government, in the practical establishment of which both England and France, each in its own manner and degree, have failed. Every way worthy of notice, indeed, is the reflection with which he opens the third section of his labors, when, in the narrative of Richard Cromwell and his troubles, following upon that of Richard's father and his triumphs, he is about to relate the career of the revived Long Parliament. A republic, he says, when it is, among any people, the natural and true result of its social state, of its ideas and of its manners, is a Government worthy of all sympathy and respect. It may have its vices, theoretical and practical, but it honors and serves humanity, because it stimulates it to the mustering of its great moral forces, and can lift it to a very high degree of dignity and virtue, of prosperity and glory. But a Republic, untimely and factitious, foreign to the national history and manners,

introduced and sustained by pride of spirit and the egotism of faction, is a government detestable in itself, for it is full of falsehood and violence; and has, moreover, this deplorable consequence, that it discredits in the minds of nations the principles of political right and the guarantees of liberty, by the false application and the tyrannical use to which they are put, or the hypocritical violation they are made to suffer. Hostile to all crude attempts at the establishment of a Republic, therefore, still no unfair measure, we are glad to say, is dealt out by the French statesman to our republican forefathers. That after all they should have failed principally because their hopes were pitched too high, is not a fact which such a man can dismiss with indifference, whatever his sense of the needs of practical statesmanship may be. He rather, Frenchman as he is, rejoices to show them to us with Mazarin hat in hand before them; spurning the fair outside of civility with which the wily Italian would have approached them; and finally bringing him to a frank submission, while the Queen Mother gnashes her teeth at the recognition of "these infamous traitors."

In illustration of the kind of men whom the traitors sought out for employment, too, there stands a somewhat memorable record in their Council Book, which we can conceive appealing to M. Guizot with the same sort of interest it still possesses for Englishmen, notwithstanding his too manifest predilection for those powers only "which are based upon right and sanctioned by time." It is the official notice of Sir Harry Vane's and Mr. Marten's visit, one March evening in 1649, armed with the authority of the Council of State of which they were members, to "the lodging of Mr. John Milton, in a small house in Holborn, which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields, to speak to Mr. Milton, to know, Whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Foreign Languages? and to report to the Council." We may feel quite sure that M. Guizot would think none the worse of the Council for this little circumstance, though we cannot quite satisfy ourselves as to the authority with which he describes the Lord Protector profiting by Milton's genius and ascendency, and continuing to use the talents thus placed at his official disposal, but putting no faith in the wisdom of their wondrous possessor;

supplying him with funds to afford liberal hospitality at his house and table in Whitehall to such foreign men of letters as came to visit England, but admitting him, while chief of the State, into no personal intimacy, and studiously withholding from him all public influence. Such may have been the relations of Milton and Cromwell; but we do not know the authority on which the statement rests, and what we know of the circumstances attending the interference for the Vaudois would lead us to entertain some doubt of it.

Milton is M. Guizot's ideal of the highest of the republican statesmen, grand, but impractical. He depicts him revelling in a dream of liberty, and taking pleasure as a poet in sublime thoughts and majestic words, without inquiring whether the world's everyday life held within it any answer to such aspirations. In his case, according to M. Guizot, abstract reasoning so far misguided a noble heart,\* a passionate and dreamy intellect, as to render his wisdom of less service than it might have been in the actual conduct of affairs. And as with him, so with the other statesmen of the Commonwealth—scholastic, theoretical republicans; in their way, too, in regard to much they took in hand, mere high-minded dreamers; and possessed, according to a foolish homely phrase, of every sense but common sense. Yet is it the belief of M. Guizot, that for the most part with a dignified reserve and an intelligent prudence, these adventurous statesmen entered upon their work. The country coldly supported them, indeed, and abroad they were detested; nevertheless, as they well knew, they were not menaced, and they had otherwise much upon their side. Men of high integrity—men such as Sydney, Ludlow, Marten, Hutchinson, Harrington,—men of even high administrative ability, such as Vane,—they were impassioned on behalf of their cause, and swayed by no other interest than that of seeing it triumph. The cause itself, too, though "*peu sensée et antipathique au pays*," was noble and moral; for the principles presiding over it were a faith in truth, and an affectionate esteem for humanity, respect for its rights, and the desire for its free and glorious development. But the historian thinks it was also incident

\* "Un noble cœur," says M. Guizot. "A stern but noble heart," says his translator.

to their very position that many errors should be committed, and that a too prolonged enjoyment of power in the midst of chaos should prove disastrous to some among themselves. And he shows, from the secret correspondence of the agents of Mazarin, what a number of city people there were, like a certain respectable merchant and news-writer, Mr. Morrell, eager for any sort of change, tired of a multiplicity of masters, and ready to hope better things from one than from a hundred,—"*greater secrecy, more promptitude, less speechifying, more work.*" In a word, three great causes were surely and steadily conspiring to the fall of the republic. There was matter both corrupt and obstructive in its lower divisions; there was a nation reverent of law heavily and surely swaying back to monarchy; and, worse than all, the very heart of the republican ranks held within it a leader in their army, a man mighty in battle, born with an instinct of command, born with a genius for government, eminently practical, and utterly unscrupulous. That is M. Guizot's Cromwell.

A man who had the pitiless sagacity to see the worth of an enemy only to recognize the necessity of at once putting him out of the way, he was able not less, in the judgment of the French historian, to conceal effectually his own pride and pretensions, and carry exposed upon his sleeve only an irresistible semblance of self-denial. "*No great man,*" exclaims M. Guizot, "*ever carried the hypocrisy of modesty so far as Cromwell, or so easily subordinated his vanity to his ambition.*" So little also can M. Guizot discover of system in his mind, so little does he find him under the influence of preconceived ideas of any kind, that he believes him to have had no really fixed principles at all on questions civil or religious. But though he was not a philosopher, and did not act in obedience to systematic and premeditated views, he was guided by the superior instinct and practical good sense of a man destined by the hand of God to govern; and he possessed, above all, that consummate secret of the art which consists in a just appreciation of what will be sufficient in every given circumstance, and in resting satisfied with it. He had, moreover, an unerring instinct of the drift of the people, by which he brought them to his side; and the historian thinks it an extreme proof of the relations he maintained,

and the hopes he inspired, among persons of all ranks and creeds, that he should have been able to suggest himself as their best resource, not simply to sectaries of all sorts,—Unitarians, Jews, Muggletonians, and Free-thinkers, but even to Roman Catholics and Episcopalians. Giving credit to the earliest reports which represent him as by councils and conversations feeling his way towards the dignity of King, it was yet, according to M. Guizot, his rare faculty throughout to understand the *ne quid nimis* in the art of government; and acting upon it, bitter as the trial was, he finally denied himself the crown. He possessed, says the historian, the two qualities that make men great: he was sensible, and he was bold; indomitable in his hopes, yet never the victim of illusion.

What is thus said of the absence of system in Cromwell's ambition, let us remark, finds such striking illustration in a passage of the Cardinal de Retz's memoirs that we are surprised it should have escaped M. Guizot. Having occasion to quote the description from that very clever book of Vane's secret mission from Cromwell and the Council of State immediately after the victory of Worcester, when the Cardinal found the envoy a man of such "surprising capacity,"\* the historian should not have laid down the volume, we think, without reproducing from a somewhat later page one of the shrewdest of all its hints for statesmen, embodied in the following memorable dialogue. The Cardinal is talking, during Cromwell's protectorate, with the First President of the Parliament of Paris, M. de Bellièvre. "I understand you," says the President at a particular point of their argument, "and I stop you at the same time to tell you what I have learnt from Cromwell." (M. de Bellièvre, interposes the Cardinal, had seen and known him in England). "He said to me one day, that *One never mounted so high as when one did not know where one was going.*" Whereupon says the Cardinal to the President, "You know that I have a horror of Cromwell; but however great a man they may think him I add to this, contempt, for if that be his opinion he seems to me to be a fool."

\* An admission, we may observe, of which the French editors have hitherto done their best to deprive the great English republican by invariably printing his name (even down to the last and best edition of MM. Michard and Poujoulat, which restores the suppressed passages, and from which we quote), as *Varie, Vere, or Vainc.*

The Cardinal proceeds to tell us that he reports this dialogue, which is nothing in itself, to make us see the importance of never speaking of people who are in great posts. For Monsieur the President, returning to his cabinet where there were several people, repeated the remark without reflection, as a proof of the injustice which was done their friend the Cardinal when it was said that his ambition was without measure and without bounds. All which was straightway carried off to my Lord Protector of England, who remembered it with bitterness, and took occasion not long after to say to M. de Bordeaux, the Ambassador of France at his Court, *I know only one man in the world who despises me, and that is Cardinal de Retz.* "This opinion," adds the penitent Cardinal, "had very nearly cost me dear."

The truth is, that Cromwell's remark by no means deserved the contemptuous comment of De Retz. It is not at all so necessary, as the Cardinal appears to think, that a man who is about to mount high should have systematically arranged beforehand to what exact height he shall mount. It may be true that in all ambitious men there will necessarily be some calculation, and something of a preconceived plan; but it may be fairly doubted whether to constitute such a man of the first order there must not also be a yet larger amount of passion to outstrip and go beyond the calculation. In short, to whatever extent particular plans and arrangements may contribute intermediately to success, it must ever be a condition of the highest success not to be finally bound by them. Within the fixity of all men's designs and the uncertainty of their destiny, there is an interval so large and vague, that it is there the highest order of genius will probably most often find its occasions and means, its power and opportunity; and we think it very certain that wherever the highest has been reached to which it was possible to attain, the courage to undergo a risk must at least have been as great as the patience to profit by a plan. We go farther in Cromwell's case, for we are very certain he began with no plan at all but a zeal for what he honestly believed to be God's truth, and for the establishment of a government that should be according to God's will.

Who that is at all acquainted with his entire history will believe, that when the

final summons of array reached him on his farm at Ely, he knew, as he buckled on his sword, whither he was going? He had lived for more than forty years the useful, unassuming life from which he was then called away, cultivating his native acres in those eastern fens, tilling the earth, reading his Bible, assisting persecuted preachers, and himself kneeling daily with his servants around him in exhortation and prayer. He was by birth a gentleman, as he described himself ten years later to the first parliament of the Protectorate, living at no great height, nor yet in obscurity. He had not been without the means, that is, of challenging distinction, if such had been his wish. He had been dragged before the Privy Council \* without claiming the honors of a martyr, and had led an agitation against the great lords of his county without aspiring to the rewards of a hero. In resisting a particular grievance he had made himself the most popular and powerful man in all that district of the fens; but, satisfied when the work was done, he had sought no further advantage from the popularity and power acquired in doing it. Certainly this, too, is the character of all his early exploits in the war. All that appears essential to him is that he must actually *do* the work he has in hand, and to this he is bent exclusively. When, in conversation with his cousin Hampden at the close of the first doubtful year of the conflict, he threw out the remark which contained the germ of all his subsequent victories, who will believe that his thoughts were travelling beyond the duty and necessity of the hour? His experience in the field had taught him why it was the Royalists gained upon their adversaries in battle, and he at once declared that it would not do to go on enlisting "poor tapsters and town-apprentice people" against well-born cavaliers, but that to cope with men of honor, men of religion must be enrolled. When he expressed this design to Hampden, it might be said that, on the instant, the whole issue of the war was determined; but is it necessary to suppose him carrying his own thoughts so far? When he proceeded

to organize his God-fearing regiment of Ironsides, is it conceivable that he cared or was troubled to anticipate to what a destiny they might bear himself? Clarendon has made it a reproach against him that on one occasion he said he could tell what he would *not* have, but not what he would have; but was not this only another expression of the thought that he had no concern but the duty of the hour, no wish but to do it *in* the hour, and that he knew not and cared not whither it might lead him?

As time went on, indeed, as he commanded armies, won battles, and saw himself indisputably the first soldier and captain of his time, to direct and govern men became doubtless as much a part of no longer avoidable duty, as any commonest avocation that had occupied him on his Ely farm. With this too, let it also be admitted, there must of course have opened upon him that wider range of worldly opportunities to which, whether they shape themselves to ambition or any other inclination of the mind, it is so easy to give the name, or to make available under the sanction, of duty itself. Doubtless to many such temptations Cromwell yielded. In his religious creed he is said (we must confess on what seems to us doubtful authority) to have held the somewhat dangerous doctrine, that having once been in a state of grace it was not possible to fall from it; and from time to time, if this were so, it must insensibly have relaxed to him even the restraints of religion itself. But that there was any conscious hypocrisy in his language, or any settled scheme of mere ambition in his conduct, we find it difficult to believe. Higher and higher as he was mounting, still to the last he might have asked himself *Whither*. When at the close of the war he appears heaped with all the favors a grateful people and parliament could bestow, there is yet not one which had not fallen to him naturally, or that it would not have been monstrous as well as foolish to deny to him. Every step of the ascent had been solidly and laboriously won; he stood upon it as of right: and surely no man ever rose so high with less of what we must call usurpation. In the honors paid him, in the very trappings of state thrown over him, when he left London upon his last campaign and returned with the final victory, there was not a man in the popular ranks, of

\* This curious and hitherto unknown incident in his career was lately discovered in a search among the registers of the Privy Council by one of the most intelligent and able antiquaries now living, Mr. John Bruce, and by him communicated to the "Athenæum" of the 13th of October, 1856.



however rigid and ascetic public virtue, who might not feel that he was also himself participating as in a gain and glory of his own. When the Lord General passed out of the city in his coach, drawn by six gallant Flanders mares, whitish gray, and "with colonels for his life guard such as the world might not parallel," it may be very doubtful if less would have satisfied the most exacting republican whose claims and whose power he then and there represented. When he returned in a more than regal triumph, receiving homage from the populace, halting to hawk with the gentry, and presenting horses and prisoners to the parliamentary delegates appointed to give him welcome, it was yet but the glory of their common country which all men were content to see reflected in the ceremony and the pomp which surrounded him.

Should it be matter of blame, then, that still he rose to the occasion which called him, and even his position did not take him unawares? As he farmed at Ely and St. Ives, as he fought at Marston Moor and Naseby, so he now fell into his allotted place as Milton's "chief of men." Such is the sum of reproach with any fairness up to this date imputed to him. "This man will be King of England yet," said the reverend Mr. Peters inwardly to himself, as he observed at the time in his air and manner an indescribable kind of exultation. Sir Philip Warwick afterwards observed it too; and, being entirely at a loss to reconcile so "great and majestic a deportment and comely presence" with what he remembered of his very ill-made apparel, and not very clean or sufficient linen, when he first heard him speak in the Parliament house twelve years before, is much disposed to attribute the change to the fact of his having meanwhile "had a better tailor and more converse among good company." The same difficulty occurs even to Clarendon, who more shrewdly dismisses it with the remark, that "his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed his faculties till he had occasion to use them." But we shall not ourselves have any difficulty at all, if we simply believe of such a man that only the occasion for use would ever tempt him to the assumption or display. A readiness for the duty of the hour, and no restlessness beyond it, would seem to be the lesson of Cromwell's life, whatever part of it

we examine; and if we think the forcible dissolution of the Long Parliament an interruption to the temperate wisdom which generally guided him, it is because we feel that without it the supreme power must nevertheless have been his, unattended by the difficulties in which the consequences of that act involved him. At the very last, he said himself, he was doubtful about doing it; but another and stronger impulse got the mastery over him. "When I went there," he told his council of officers, "I did not think to have done this. But perceiving the spirit of God so strong upon me, I would not consult flesh and blood." And so we arrive again at what he told Monsieur the President de Bellievre, that *One never mounts so high as when one does not know where one is going.*

But M. Guizot would attach little importance to that stronger impulse which the Lord General there professed to have overruled him. We do not know that anything has impressed us more throughout his book than its extremely partial and imperfect recognition of the religious element which formed so large a portion not merely of Cromwell himself, but of the entire English Revolution. Doubtless it arises from the fact that this element, so necessary in the study of it, lies too far away from those evils which dwell insensibly and most strongly upon the historian's mind, and from which his study of these great events in our history had deliberately or unconsciously arisen. He is even careful to hint his belief, more than once, that there were in those days more infidels in England than we commonly suppose. It is curious to contrast his view in this respect with that of another French writer, M. de Lamartine, who, regarding Cromwell from the thick of French republicanism, has very partially and confusedly but as he believes wholly accepted Mr. Carlyle's interpretation, and informs his countrymen that Cromwell was a fanatic. M. Guizot, accustomed through his own life to submit to the dictates of a calm unostentatious piety all public actions, and not unfrequently reminding his reader that a Divine Providence is ordering and disposing the affairs of States, yet cannot see in Cromwell either fanatic or chosen man of God. In no part of Oliver's history do we find any swerving from this view, and subsequent and very

recent reflection appears only to have confirmed him in it. In the whole of his account of "Richard Cromwell" there is no more striking passage than that in which, describing the respective positions occupied by the followers of Oliver and the advocates of the Republic, he again expresses forcibly the distinction between the purely worldly character of the Protectorate and the Divine purpose it was called to fulfil. The Cromwellians, he says, rather by experience and political instinct than by any principle clearly comprehended or defined, did not think that the people should be held sufficient to constitute the entire Government, or that it had the right to unmake and reconstruct it at its pleasure. In their opinion the Government required, for the maintenance and good order of society, some base independently subsistent, recognized by the people, but anterior, and in a certain degree superior, to its shifting will. Originally conquest, afterwards the hereditary principle in monarchy, and the preponderance of great landowners, had created in the English Government such power, independent, immovable in right, and indispensable to society. By the course of things, however, the territorial proprietorship had in part changed hands, and, by its own faults, the hereditary principle of Monarchy had succumbed. But God then raised up Oliver, and gave him the power with the victory. Conqueror and actual master, surrounded by his comrades in war, and treating with a house elected by the people, he had been able to found, for his successor as for himself, the Protectorate and its constitution; and thus was provided that anterior and independent power, born of events, not of the people's will, and which the people was as little able to destroy according to its fancy as it had been able of its motion to create. This great fact, therefore, accomplished upon the ruins of the ancient Monarchy, and in the name of necessity, by the genius of a great man sustained by God, it became the duty of all men to recognize and accept; and, from the uniform tone of his reasoning, it is manifest that the historian himself so accepts it, though he sees that it carried with it also the seeds of failure inseparable from its revolutionary origin.

He thus in a great measure excludes from consideration that particular element in

Cromwell's views of Government which led him to be indifferent, in the re-constitution of the State, whether it was republican or monarchical in its political form, provided only that, above all things, it was godly in its spirit. M. Guizot thinks his mind was great, because it was just, perspicacious, and thoroughly practical; but of this greatness he does not find that religion formed any essential part, or contributed to it in any material way. He avoids, indeed, all commonplace abuse. He knows that in Cromwell's day the open use of scriptural language was no more synonymous with cant than republicanism with discord; but in both cases he appears to think that the one had a tendency to beget the other, and he accepts Cromwell's reported comment to Marten on a dialogue with one of the saints ("we must talk to these men in their own way"), as a fair hint of the value of his piety. It was no more than one portion, and not the chief, of his statecraft. Even the rapt and exalted fervor of his address to what we may call the assembled saints in the Barebones Parliament, M. Guizot attributes to those instincts on the part of a profound genius anxious to derive, as though immediately from God, the pretended supreme power which he had himself established, and the inherent infirmity of which he already perceived. We certainly cannot but regard as extremely remarkable the grave indifference with which the historian is thus able to set aside, as only one of many means towards a worldly end, the fervent vein of scriptural thought and feeling which runs not alone through every deliberate work of Cromwell's, but which tinged also his every lightest act, and, in his private as in his public utterances, is that which still makes most impressive appeal to all who would investigate his character.

For this we hold to have been finally established by Mr. Carlyle, and to constitute the peculiar value of his labors in connection with the subject. To collect and arrange in chronological succession, and with elucidatory comment, every authentic letter and speech left by Cromwell, was to subject him to a test from which falsehood could hardly escape; and the result has been to show, we think conclusively and beyond further dispute, that through all these speeches and letters one mind runs consistently. Whatever a man's former prepossessions may have

been, he cannot accompany the utterer of these speeches, the writer of these letters, from their first page to the last, travelling with him from his grazing lands at St. Ives up to his Protector's throne; watching him in the tenderest intercourse with those dearest to him; observing him in affairs of state or in the ordinary business of the world, in offices of friendship or in conference with sovereigns and senates; listening to him as he comforts a persecuted preacher, or threatens a persecuting prince; and remain at last with any other conviction than that in all conditions, and on every occasion, Cromwell's tone is substantially the same, and that in the passionate fervor of his religious feeling, under its different and varying modifications, the true secret of his life must be sought, and will be found. Everywhere visible and recognizable is a deeply interpenetrated sense of spiritual dangers, and of never ceasing responsibility to the Eternal. "Ever in his Great Taskmaster's eye." Unless you can believe that you have an actor continually before you, you must believe that this man did unquestionably recognize in his Bible the authentic voice of God, and had an irremovable persuasion that according as, from that sacred source, he learned the divine law here and did it, or neglected to learn and do it, infinite blessedness or infinite misery awaited him for evermore.

It is also clear to us from the letters, with only such reservation as we have already intimated, and after the large allowance to be made in every case for human passion and frailty, that Cromwell was, to all practical intents, as far removed from the one hand from fanaticism, as on the other from hypocrisy. It is certainly not necessary that we should accept it as proof of fanaticism, that, on the day before setting out to the war with Scotland, he enlarged to Ludlow upon the great providences of God then abroad upon the earth, and in particular talked to him for almost an hour upon the hundred and tenth psalm. We have but to remember it as the psalm in which God's promise was given to make his enemies his footstool, to make his people willing, and to strike through kings in the day of his wrath,—to understand why Cromwell so recalled it on the eve of his last entrance into battle. It is as little necessary that we should accept, as proof of hypocrisy, the proof M. Guizot offers of his

rejecting and even ridiculing the report set about by the fanatical officers after the dissolution of the Parliament, to the effect that he had undergone special and supernatural revelations. "The reports spread about the Lord General," writes M. de Bordeaux to M. de Brienne, "are not true. He does not affect any special communication with the Holy Spirit, and he is not so weak as to be caught by flattery. I know that the Portuguese ambassador, having complimented him on this change, he made a jest of it." But the French ambassador does not omit to accompany his statement with a careful tribute to the Lord General's zeal and great piety. Nor do we think M. Guizot justified in the belief he appears to entertain, that Cromwell's toleration of differences in religion proceeded from the merely politic spirit, and was due only to his wisdom as a ruler of men. To his profound knowledge of the art of government may indeed be referred such projects as were started in the Protectorate,—for a synod to bring the different sects into peaceful agreement, for insuring a complete legal toleration to the Jews, and for receiving in England even a bishop of the Church of Rome to preside over the religious communion of the Catholics. But from the depth of true piety in his own soul must have proceeded that larger personal charity, which was so ready with listening ear and helping hand for any form of honest belief that claimed from him sympathy and protection. Let any one read his noble correspondence with the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, when, having defeated the army of the Covenant in battle, he proceeded in argument to overthrow its preachers—and entertain any further doubt of this if he can. Those are the incomparable letters in which he reasoned out a perfect scheme of sublime toleration; in which he vindicated the execution of Charles Stuart as an act which Christians in after times would mention with honor, "and all tyrants in the world look at with fear;" in which he warned the Presbytery that their platform was too narrow for them to expect "the great God to come down" to such minds and thoughts; in which he told them he had not himself so learned Christ as to look at ministers as lords over, instead of helpers of, God's people; and in which he desired them specially to point out to him the warrant they had in

Scripture for believing that to preach was *their* function exclusively. "Your pretended fear lest error should step in, is like the man who would keep all the wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge." And then, within some six months or so, Edinburgh having meanwhile surrendered, and the Presbytery, recovered from its sulks, having accepted permission again to open its pulpits, you see this same Cromwell respectfully himself attending their services and sermons, and taking no other notice of the latter being specially directed against himself and his fellow "sectaries," than to desire friendly discourse with the ministers who had so railed against them, to the end that, if possible, misunderstandings might be taken away.

Neither had Cromwell, before he evinced this spirit, waited until authority fell to him as Lord General, at which time, in M. Guizot's view, considerations altogether politic and worldly began largely to operate with him. There is a very remarkable letter decisive as to this, which the "Gentleman's Magazine" first published three quarters of a century ago, but which Mr. Carlyle has been able to confirm by proof and adjust to the right place in his life, — the year after the battle of Naseby. Not long before the date of it he had entered Ely cathedral while the Reverend Mr. Hitch was "performing" the choir service, and with a "*leave off your fooling, and come down, sir,*" had turned the reverend gentleman sheer out of the place, intoning, singing, and all. But this was because Mr. Hitch had become a nuisance to a godly neighborhood, and had treated with deliberate disregard a previous warning of Oliver's to the very plain and legible effect, "lest the soldiers should in any tumultuous or disorderly way attempt the reformation of the cathedral church, I require you to forbear altogether your choir service, so unedifying and offensive; and this as you shall answer it, if any disorder should arise thereupon." And notwithstanding the prompt procedure by which he kept his word in this case, he shows himself, in the letter we have named and are now about to quote, not less ready to protect any honest people differing completely from himself in regard to choir or

other services, provided always they so exercised their unedifying faith as not to be offensive to others. He intercedes with a Royalist gentleman, in the same (Norfolk) county, for liberty of conscience to certain of his tenants. "And," he writes, "however the world interprets it, I am not ashamed to solicit for such as are anywhere under pressure of this kind; doing even as I would be done by. Sir, this is a quarrelsome age, and the anger seems to me to be the worse, where the ground is difference of opinion; which to cure, to hurt men in their names, persons, or estates, will not be found an apt remedy."

The religion which so teaches us our duty to others is not very likely to fail us in regard to ourselves. Watch Cromwell in any great crisis of his life, and judge whether the faith he held could have rested on any doubtful or insecure foundation. Take him at the moment of his greatest triumph, or in the hour of his darkest peril, and observe whether the one so unduly elates or the other so unworthily depresses him, as to cause him to lose the sense either of his own weakness or of his Creator's power, — either of the littleness of time or of the greatness of eternity. In the very majesty of his reception after the Worcester battle, "he would seldom mention anything of himself," says Whitelocke, describing their meeting at Aylesbury; "mentioned others only; and gave, as was due, the glory of the action unto God." In his last extremity at Dunbar, when Leslie, with an army of double his numbers, flushed with victory, had so hemmed him in with his sick, starving, and dispirited troops, as they retreated and were falling back upon their ships, that, to use his own expression, "almost a miracle" was needed to save them, there is, in the tone of a letter he sent to Haselrig on the Newcastle border, such a quiet and composed disregard of himself, such a care only for the safety of the cause, such a calm and sustained reliance upon God, as we doubt if the annals of heroism can elsewhere parallel. "Whatever becomes of us," he wrote, "it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the south to help what they can. If your forces had been in readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperpath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for good. Our spirits



are comfortable, praised be the Lord ; though our present condition beas it is. Let Henry Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby."

Whatever else might desert this man, hope and faith never did. There was one who stood afterwards by his death-bed, while a worse storm shook the heavens than even that which had swept along the heights of Dunbar, and who recalled these days in testimony of the strong man he had been. "In the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others." Nor in the high places only, but in the solitude or service of his chamber, he impressed in like manner all who had intercourse with him. It was ever they who stood nearest him who had reason to admire him most ; and to the eyes even of valets and chamber-grooms, the heroic shone out of Cromwell. It is from one who held such office in his household we have a picture of him handed down to us which Vandyke or Velasquez might have painted. A body well compact and strong ; his stature under six foot ("I believe about two inches") ; his head so shaped as you might see it both a storehouse and shop, of a vast treasury of natural parts ; his temper exceeding fiery ("as I have known"), but the flame of it kept down for the most part, or soon allayed with those moral endowments he had ; naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure, though God had made him a heart, wherein was left little room for any fear ; "*a larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was.*" What Englishman may not be proud of that written portrait of Oliver Cromwell, still fresh from the hand of worthy Mr. John Maidstone, cofferer and gentleman-in-waiting on the Lord Protector of England ?

Of the general estimate of him formed by the French historian little more need be said. There is much we might further make objection to ; but, compressed and brief as our summary of M. Guizot's views has been, it will perhaps be understood with sufficient reservation. He does not reject the stories of the Irish massacres, though they are unwittingly refuted even by Cromwell's most eager enemies, the Irish priests, in the Clonmacnoise manifesto. He retains, on author-

ity that has been fairly questioned, a great many reports which otherwise confirm ill thoughts of the Protector. But to the full worldly extent of the term, his Cromwell, whether before or after the Protectorate, was one of the great men of the earth. He is under the influence of ambition, but it is an ambition generally qualified, and often exalted, by the state necessities to which it bends. The question which so early arose between him and the Long Parliament, M. Guizot calls the beginning of a duel, which he holds that neither party engaged in could avoid forcing on to its close. Of one or other of them, he believes it became the duty *cedere majori* ; and from the tone of his reasoning we are left to infer also his belief, that in the latter days of the struggle it could not but occur to the Parliament, while claiming over Cromwell a nominal supremacy, to feel the sting of the last portion of the epigram, *Ille gravis palma est, quam minor hostis habet*. One very interesting point we think certainly very clearly established by his researches to illustrate the details he gives of the "duel." He shows more decisively than any previous historian that Cromwell, before the Republic fell by his hand, was indisputably the first man in it ; not simply in right of the victories, but by the administrative genius he had displayed, and by the light in which the foreign courts already regarded him. At the same time, as it seems to us, he fails himself to attach sufficient importance to this ; and perhaps generally somewhat underrates the influence and connection of foreign policy with the domestic administration of England at the period.

But the mistake, if it be one, does not stint the details M. Guizot gives, which open to us the manuscript treasures of the Hague, and the unpublished archives of the French foreign office, as well as those of Simancas in Spain, and pour upon this part of his great subject a flood of steady and original light. His volumes thus include details of various confidential missions, and much other matter of the highest interest, of which the most essential portions are given complete in a copious appendix. That we should always admit their evidence in exactly the light in which M. Guizot seems disposed to accept it, we of course do not find to be necessary. Although M. Croullé on the part of France, and Don Alonzo de Cardenas on the part of Spain,

both express and act upon opinions of Cromwell's character which agree generally with the judgment formed of it in M. Guizot's book, it may yet with perfect fairness be said that neither a gentleman from the court of Philip II., nor a gentleman from the court of Louis Quatorze, bound to the policy of a statesman of the stamp of Mazarin, were very likely to understand an exalted zeal like Cromwell's, assuming it to have been always what it claimed to be. Putting aside such feats of policy, however, as an alleged deliberate sowing of discord for state purposes between the absent king and his brothers, and some few other acts justified only by the too freely permitted distinction between private and political morality, especially in foreign relations, there is nothing in these new discoveries of which any defender of Cromwell has need to be ashamed, and there is a vast deal to confirm very strikingly the sense of his greatness.

We give a few examples. Before the time of the Protectorate, by the chief statesmen of both parties in the war of the Fronde then raging in France, the upward course of the great leader of the popular party in England had been watched with anxiety and dread. Both feared and hated him; yet such was their position in regard to Spain and each other, that his friendly countenance to either was become of inexpressible value. He had hardly arrived in London after the battle of Worcester, when, in answer to overtures from De Retz at the instant of the brief triumph which preceded his fall, he sent Henry Vane with a letter to him (a striking proof that up to this time, that "great parliamentary and intimate confidant of his," as the Cardinal describes him, could have had no suspicion of any blow meditated against the parliament); and this also is the date when Mazarin, affecting to put a friendly construction upon rumors that had reached him of a proposed expedition of Cromwell's into France, eagerly suggests to M. Croullé through M. Servien that if at the close of his Scottish campaign Mr. "Cromwell should come into France, being as he is a person of merit, he will be well received here, for assuredly every one will go to meet him at the place where he disembarks." Of course M. Croullé promptly disabuses his master of that notion of a friendly trip; but, in also contradicting the report that any hostile in-

tentions were entertained to France, he is careful to reproduce for the Cardinal the haughty terms in which Cromwell himself was said to have denied it. "Looking at his hair, which is already white, he said that if he were ten years younger there was not a king in Europe whom he could not make to tremble, and that, as he had a better motive than the late king of Sweden, he believed himself still capable of doing more for the good of nations than the other ever did for his own ambition."

Nevertheless it was while overtures were on all sides secretly going on, and still during De Retz's brief predominance, that the double-faced Mazarin thus wrote from his place of exile at Bruhl to discredit De Retz with the queen. It was probably written at the very moment when the coadjutor himself was attempting to justify his intercourse with Vane on the express ground of what he calls Mazarin's "base and continual flattery" of Cromwell. "The coadjutor has always spoken with veneration of Cromwell, as of a man sent by God into England, saying that he would raise such men also in other kingdoms; and once in good company, where there was Ménage present, hearing the courage of M. de Beaufort extolled, he said in express terms, if *M. de Beaufort is Fairfax, I am Cromwell*." We subjoin a portion of M. Guizot's comment, which we need hardly say we have translated for ourselves.

"Mazarin excelled in poisoning, for the ruin of his enemies, their actions or their words, and at the same time in taking to himself impudently their examples and their weapons. Whilst he thus showed to the queen's eyes, as a crime in the coadjutor, his opinion of Cromwell, he labored himself to enter with Cromwell into close relations. Too shrewd not to recognize that in that direction, in England, lay the capacity and power,\* it was to the future master of the republic, no longer to the republican parliament, that he made his advances. Cromwell lent himself to them willingly; he too was incessantly bent on making to himself powerful friends everywhere. 'He adroitly leaves to others the conduct and care of whatever begets outcry,' said, in 1650, Croullé to M. Servien, 'and reserves to himself affairs that confer obligation; concerning which at least

\* "*Trop sagace pour ne pas reconnaître que la étaient, en Angleterre, l'habileté et le pouvoir.*" According to the translator, "Too sagacious not to perceive that in him were centred all the power and ability then existing in England."

he sets rumor afloat, in such manner that if they succeed they may be attributed to him, and if not that one may see he willed them well, and that the result came of hindrance from others.'"

We cannot quote all the details of the overtures that thus began, curious and impressive as they are, but through none of them, the reader soon perceives, was Mazarin a match for Cromwell. The great soldier and statesman, though with his own predilections hampered by the prejudices of the country, and standing between the intrigues of the rival Courts of France and Spain, yet knew how to play his game with perfect safety, and to obtain substantially all that he desired. Up to the time of the expulsion of the Long Parliament, no alliance had yet been concluded with either Court; though, at the moment of its expulsion, Bordeaux was under the impression that a treaty with it, on the part of France, was on the point of being happily concluded. But Mazarin had been already obliged, even without deriving any immediate advantage from the step, formally to recognize the Republic and its leaders; and with hot haste, as soon as the Long Parliament was dissolved, the Cardinal of course eagerly betook himself to the power that remained triumphant. "Mazarin," writes M. Guizot, "always prodigal of flattering advances, wrote to Cromwell to offer him, and ask from him, a serviceable friendship. Cromwell replied to him with a rare excess of affected humility." And then follows a little note, concerning which Mr. Carlyle, believing it to exist only in the form of a French translation made by Mazarin, remarked, that "it would not be wholly without significance if we had it in the original." Here it is in the original.

"WESTMINSTER, 9TH OF JUNE, 1653.

"It is surprise to me that your Eminency should take notice of a person so inconsider-

\* A letter to Mazarin from the Count d'Estrador is added, in which, though the date is the 5th of February, 1652, the title of Protector is given to Cromwell. Of course therefore M. Guizot is careful to remark, in a note, that as the letter and its date are beyond question, the title of Protector must have been intercalated some years afterwards; but his translator does not think it worth while either to translate this note, or explain the confusion it was intended to remedy; and in subsequently giving the note of June '53, quoted in the text, he appends to its signature the title (P.) which its very contents should have shown him did not then belong to the writer.

able as myself, living (as it were) separate from the world. This honor has done (as it ought) a very deep impression upon me, and does oblige me to serve your Eminency upon all occasions, so as I shall be happy to find out. So I trust that very honorable person Monsieur Burdoo [Bordeaux] will therein be helpful to

"Your Eminencie's

"Thrice humble Servant,

"O. CROMWELL."

The historian calls this a rare excess of affected humility; but after all what is there more, in the counterfeit humility, than such a reply to a compliment as every gentleman in England makes every week in some form to somebody. "You do me too much honor. There is nothing that I would not do to serve you, Sir. Good morning."

There is never in truth any affected humility, but rather a contempt very thinly covered, if not openly avowed, on the part of Cromwell to Mazarin; nor does this find anywhere more characteristic expression than in the evidence M. Guizot incidentally gives us of the sort of gifts they interchanged. While Mazarin sent over regal presents of tapestry, wine, and Barbary horses, Cromwell, familiarly and half contemptuously confident that he had to do with a man more avaricious than vain, would return such compliments by forwarding so many cases of pure Cornwall tin. As to their public intercourse throughout; the historian sees that it was but a constant interchange of concessions and resistances, services and refusals, in which they ran little risk of quarreling, for the simple reason that they mutually understood each other, and did not require from one another anything which could not be denied without doing greater injury than the grant would do service; but it was after all a kind of equality in which the personal predominance undoubtedly remained with Cromwell. It is he whom it is manifestly impossible, throughout, either to intimidate or deceive; and though it was no small art on Mazarin's side, as soon as he saw this, to affect to meet his adversary with the same simple frankness, there can hardly be a question which plays the greater figure, he who possessed the art, or he who always reduced its possessor to the necessity of practising it.

Of Cromwell's first effort after the dissolution of the Long Parliament to govern

with the help of the men who had been parties to that act of violence, the result, according to M. Guizot's view, was to show him that reforming sectaries and innovators, though useful instruments of destruction, are destructive to the very power they establish; and that the classes among whom conservative interests prevail are the only natural and permanent allies of authority. Yet he had no choice but to renew his efforts in the same direction, with what help this experience could give; for the French historian has satisfied himself that his honest desire was so far, by any possible means, to place himself in subordination to English law, as to obtain co-operation from a fairly-chosen Parliament that should consent honestly to assist him in establishing a Cromwell dynasty of kings, and in restoring, with the monarchy, the ancient form of Lords and Commons. But still his attempts were unavailing. He could not restore that which he had so helped to destroy. Amid the ruins which his hands had made, he was doomed to see the vanity of those rash hopes, and to learn that no government is, or can be, the work of man's will alone. In the endeavor to obtain such a Parliament as the old usages of England sanctioned, he raised up more than one semi-constitutional assembly; but merely to destroy it when it disappointed him, and with it, as he well knew, his only safe means of taxing the people he would govern. The money needful for State purposes thus failing him, he was at last driven to the expedient pronounced by M. Guizot to be the political act which caused his ruin—the establishment of Major-Generals to levy tithes on the revenues of the royalists. By this iniquitous act, M. Guizot declares that he detached his glory from the cause of order and peace, in the name of which he had begun to found his throne, and plunged his power down among the depths of revolutionary violence. "He invoked," says the constitutional historian, "necessity; and without doubt thought himself reduced to that; if he was right, it was one of those necessities inflicted by God's justice, which reveal the innate vice of a Government, and become the sentence of its condemnation."

From this time to the end, M. Guizot is of opinion that Cromwell was thoroughly conscious of the weakness with which he was smitten by his own act, and that it was upon

feeling in all directions for support he perceived his surest prop to be the advocacy of liberty of conscience. Of the formal discussion which he afterwards raised with his friendly Parliament on the question of his assuming royal state, the historian speaks as of a comedy performed for the instruction of the nation. It was designed to make men familiar with the topic, and to scatter abroad a variety of arguments in its favor; but the interference of the army brought the comedy to an unwelcome end. Cromwell resigned the name of king; and with it, the historian appears to think, the power of much longer retaining kingly authority. He had arrived at the slippery height on which to stand still was impossible, and there was no alternative but to mount higher or to fall. His heart failed him; he now saw, that, die when he might, he must be content to leave behind him for his successors the two enemies he had most ardently combated, anarchy and the Stuarts; and M. Guizot's comments leave it to be inferred as his opinion, that had he long survived the discomfiture which embittered his last months, even his political position might have been seriously endangered. He died, however, in the fulness of his power, though *sorrowful*. "Sorrowful not only because he must die, but also, and above all, because he must die without having attained his true and final purpose."

But that his, nevertheless, was the strong resolve which exclusively upheld the State as long as life remained to him, M. Guizot shows nowhere so emphatically as in the description of the Protectorate of his son. The weak purpose of Richard being substituted for his father's iron will, every party again became loud in the assertion of its own particular theory, "accomplices became rivals," and soon in the stormy sea of faction the good ship of the Republic drifted an utter wreck. Then were seen, according to the historian, the faults both of the pure republicans and the adherents of Cromwell revenging themselves upon their authors. For what more easy than the way at last appeared to be, to a firm establishment of Richard Cromwell's government? Whatever his infirmities of character, he was disliked by none. M. Guizot quotes golden opinions expressed of him by all sorts of people, and points out that the whole private interest of the members of his first Parliament lay in the assur-



ance of his power, and with that also of their own prosperity. He describes the Government as having no design and no desire of tyranny; Richard himself as naturally moderate, patient, equitable; and his counselors, like himself, as demanding nothing better than to govern in concert with the Parliament, and according to the laws. What, then, so natural or so reasonable, as for all men who had not vowed their hearts to the old royal line or to the pure republic, to accommodate themselves to the *régime* established, and to live, by common consent, tranquil and safe under the new Protector? But it was not to be. Though their empire had vanished, their obstinacy remained unenlightened and unsubdued. Detested as oppressors, and decried as visionaries, they retorted by accusing their country of ingratitude, and battled vainly against the successive defeats which they knew not that the hand of God was inflicting. Though they could not build they could destroy, and so the second Protectorate passed away.

Yet let us not leave the reader under any doubt whether a full or a stinted measure of justice is done by the historian to what was really successful as well as great in the policy of the first Protectorate. It is on every account our interest to give M. Guizot further hearing as to this, since it enables us to give further indication of the very valuable original illustrations contributed by his book to our English annals.

M. Guizot describes the foreign policy of Cromwell as based on two fixed ideas,—peace with the United Provinces and the alliance of the Protestant States. These were in his eyes the two vital conditions of the security and greatness of his country in Europe, of his own security and his own greatness in Europe and in his country. With the United Provinces peace was at once made, Whitelocke was sent upon his embassy to Sweden, a special treaty of commerce was negotiated with the King of Denmark, and Cromwell found himself on terms of friendship with all Protestant States of Europe. It was said in France, continues M. Guizot, that he even meditated, in the interest of Protestantism, a more vast and difficult design.

"The Protector proposes to himself," wrote to the Cardinal Mazarin one of his confidential agents, 'to cause the assembly of a council of all the Protestant communions, to re-unite them in one body for the

common confession of one and the same faith." Some particular facts indicate that he was, indeed, preoccupied with this idea. He was one of those persons of powerful and fertile genius in whom great designs and great temptations are born by crowds; but he applied promptly his firm good sense to his finest dreams, and never pursued farther those which did not endure that trial.

"He assumed towards the Catholic powers an attitude of complete and frigid independence, without prejudice or ill-will, but without forwardness, showing himself disposed to peace, but always leaving to be seen a glimpse of war, and carrying a rough pride into the care of the interests of his country or of his own greatness." \*

We need not pause to relate how he showed this: for one example, by treating with the King of Portugal, who was stigmatized at Madrid as an usurper, and by the simultaneous execution, for murder, of Don Pantaleon de Sá, the brother of the ambassador from Portugal. M. Guizot's very interesting narrative is full of similar and striking proof, the greater part of it quite new. France and Spain outdo each other in obsequious homage before Cromwell's intractable energy. We see each bidding higher and higher against the other for his active friendship, and Cardenas at last eagerly offering him a subvention of no less than six hundred thousand dollars a year, "without having in London or in Flanders," wrote Mazarin to Bordeaux, "the first son to give him if he took them at their word. He would promise with the same facility a million, indeed two, to get a pledge from him, since assuredly it would not cost them more to hold and execute one promise than the other." Mazarin, a better diplomatist, enriches his promises with a flowing cour-

\* We cannot resist giving M. Guizot's text in this latter paragraph in connection with the version of his translator. "Il prit envers les puissances Catholiques une attitude de complete et froide liberté,—sans préjugé ni mauvais vouloir, mais sans empressément, se montrant disposé à la paix, mais laissant toujours entrevoir la guerre, et portant une fierté rude dans le soin des intérêts de son pays ou de sa propre grandeur." That is an admirable specimen of M. Guizot's style and manner in this book. We could hardly instance a better. But now observe the following: "Towards the Catholic powers he assumed an attitude of complete and fearless liberty, unmarked by prejudice or ill-will, but equally void of courtship or flattery, showing himself disposed to maintain peace, but always leaving open the prospect of war, and watching over the interests of his country and of his own family with stern and uncompromising haughtiness."

tesy; sends with them his wine, his tapestry, and his Barbary horses; and concedes, on the part of the young king, a rank only less than royal. Even the Prince of Condé hastens to become acceptable to the rough English soldier, and declares his belief that the people of the three kingdoms must be now at the summit of their happiness at seeing their goods and lives confided to so great a man.

"Cromwell received all these advances with the same show of good will: not that he saw them all with equal eye, or that he drifted indifferent or uncertain among allies so opposite. Unlike the Long Parliament, he inclined much more towards France than towards Spain; with a superior sagacity he had perceived that Spain was thenceforward an apathetic power, able to effect but little, and in spite of its favorable demonstrations, more hostile than any other to Protestant England, for it was more exclusively than any other given up to the maxims and influences of the Roman Church. And at the same time that there was little to expect from Spain, she offered to the maritime ambition of England, by her vast possessions in the new world, rich and easy prey."

Accordingly there soon followed, we need hardly remind the reader, the well known swoop upon the King of Spain's West Indian possessions. The better half of the design failed, indeed, when the attack upon St. Domingo failed; but the seizure of Jamaica was an unquestionable prize, which Cromwell's wisdom turned at once to a noble account. The historian describes all these incidents and their consequences in a way that shows ever characteristically the personal predominance of the Protector. Up to within a few days of the declaration of war against Spain, hope has continued with Cardenas. To even the hour of the treaty of alliance with France, fear has not quitted Mazarin. And by a free use of the very words of the men who wrote freshly and on the instant out of the midst of their diplomacy, the foreign policy of the Protectorate is thus with vivid truth and a rare freshness reproduced by M. Guizot. We may compare the mighty tread of Cromwell with the pirouettes of the statesmen opposed to him, and get no mean perception of the hero of the day.

Of the conditions of the treaty at last concluded with France, it is not necessary that we should speak; but the jealous rigor

with which Cromwell insisted on the concession to himself of the title of *Brother*, and on the substitution of *Rex Gallorum* for *Rex Gallia*, is a pregnant indication of the attitude now assumed by him to the most powerful of foreign States. Never, certainly, had our English name been carried so high. "He is the greatest and happiest prince in Europe," exclaimed young Louis Quatorze. Bound in fast treaties with all the Protestant States, allied to the most potent of Catholic Sovereigns, Montecuculi deprecating his wrath on one side as agent for the house of Austria, and on the other the Marquis of Leyden on behalf of the King of Spain, he received, besides the foreign ministers who habitually resided at his court, ambassadors extraordinary from Sweden, Poland, Germany, and Italy, who came solemnly to present to him the overtures or homage of their masters. Pictures and medals, some nobly commemorative of his exploits, others coarsely satirical of his adversaries, were displayed in almost every town of the Continent, celebrating his deeds, and humbling the old princes and kings before them. Well might one of the most considerable of the foreign agents write over to Thurlow from Brussels that "the Lord Protector's government makes England more formidable and considerable to all nations than it has ever been in my day."

Nor is less justice rendered by M. Guizot to what he believes to have been another of the titles of that government to esteem; and of Cromwell's patronage of literature and learned men, he speaks with due respect. Though he holds that his mind was neither naturally elegant nor richly cultivated, he can yet see that his free and liberal genius understood thoroughly the wants of the human intellect. And while M. Guizot's experience has taught him, clearly enough, that absolute power, on emerging from great social disturbances, takes its chief delight and achieves its completest triumphs in the promotion of material prosperity, still, in regard to Cromwell, he frankly admits that few despots have so carefully confined themselves within the limits of practical necessity, and allowed the human mind such a wide range of freedom. He sees in him the practical saviour of the two old Universities, and the founder of the University of Durham. He is glad to record that he offered Hobbes

the post of a secretary in his household, that he continued the employment of Milton, and that he took no offence at either Selden or Casaubon, when the one declined his pension, and the other his invitation to write a history of the civil wars. He dwells with pleasure on his kindness to the learned Usher, on his desire to stand well with Cudworth and Taylor, on his frank patronage of all the lettered Puritans, and on the facts that Waller had a place in his court, that Butler was permitted to meditate *Hudibras* in the house of one of his officers, and that Davenant obtained his permission to open a private theatre for performance of his comedies. He might have added that the Lord Protector had himself a taste for innocent and cheerful recreation; that he had no objection to play at Crambo, or even occasionally smoke a pipe with my Lord Commissioner Whitelocke, who also has left us a pleasant anecdote contrasting his laughter and gayety to the soldiers with the greater impatience and reserve of Ireton; and that, in the correspondence of one of the Dutch ambassadors, there is a picture of his courteous habits on state occasions, and of the dignified and graceful conduct of his household, which far exceeds in sober grandeur and worth any other court circular of that age. "The music played all the while we were at dinner," says Herr Jongestall, "and after, the Lord Protector had us into another room, where the Lady Protectress and others came to us, and we had also music and voices."

To these graces of his private life, and to his domestic love and tenderness, which even his worst enemies have admitted, M. Guizot is of course not slow to pay tribute; but on one point he has suffered himself to be strangely misled. He gravely mentions Cromwell's infidelity to his wife, as if it were an admitted fact, and not a mere royalist slander; and he seems to think that some complaints of her own remain in proof of a well-founded jealousy. Jealousy there may be, in the solitary letter of this excellent woman which has descended to us; but it is the jealousy only of a gentle and sensitive nature, shrinking from the least ruffle or breath of doubt that can come between itself and the beloved. "My dearest," she writes, "I wonder you should blame me for writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one: I cannot but think they are miscarried.

Truly, if I know my own heart, I should as soon neglect myself as to omit the least thought towards you, when in doing it I must do it to myself. But when I do write, my dear, I seldom have any satisfactory answer, which makes me think my writing is slighted; as well it may; but I cannot but think your love covers my weakness and infirmities. Truly my life is but half a life in your absence." That is not the writing of woman jealous of anything but the share of her husband's time and care which public affairs steal from her. Most touching, too, is a letter of his own of nearly the same date, written to her from the very midst of the toils and perils of Dunbar, in which he tells her that truly, if he does not love her *too* well, he thinks he errs not on the other hand much, and assures her that she is dearer to him than any creature. Let M. Guizot be well assured that he has here fallen into error.

Of another error into which he has fallen, also connected with the domesticities of Cromwell, we have now, in conclusion, to speak in somewhat more detail. It touches an interesting point in Cromwell's history, and we are happy to be able to remove all further doubt respecting it. By none who have yet written on the subject has it been stated correctly.

Five sons were born to Cromwell, of whom the youngest, James, born in 1632, certainly died in his infancy, and the eldest, Robert, born in 1621, is supposed in all the biographies not to have survived his childhood. The second son, Oliver, born in 1623, grew to manhood, and his name is to be found enrolled as a cornet in the eighth troop of what was called "Earl Bedford's Horse." He was killed in battle, but in our opinion certainly not so early as appears to be fixed by Mr. Carlyle, who accepts an allusion in a letter of his father's written after Marston Moor as referring to this loss, which we are about to show might have had quite another reference. Be this as it may, however, all the biographers up to this time have agreed in regard to the eldest, Robert, that what is comprised in Mr. Carlyle's curt notice, "*Named for his grandfather. No further account of him. Died before ripe years,*"—must be taken to express whatever now can be known. Cromwell's only distinct reference to any of his sons while yet in tender

years, is contained in a letter addressed to his cousin, Oliver St. John's wife, while she was staying with his friend and relative Sir William Masham, at Otes in Essex; and Mr. Carlyle connects the reference in this letter with the fact that some two or three of Cromwell's sons were certainly educated at the neighboring public school of Felsted, where their maternal grandfather had his country-seat. But the allusion surely relates specifically to one son, who appears to have been either staying with the Mashams at the time, or the object of some particular care and sympathy on their part. "Salute all my friends in that family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the lord for them! and that my son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel."

Such was the amount of existing information respecting the two eldest sons of Cromwell, when Mr. Forster, in his "Statesmen of the Commonwealth," reproduced from one of the king's pamphlets a very striking account of the deathbed of the Lord Protector, written by a groom of the chamber in waiting on him. In this Cromwell was represented calling for his Bible, and desiring those verses from the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians to be read to him, in which the Apostle speaks of having learned in whatever state he was therewith to be content, for he could do all things through Christ which strengthened him. "Which read," (the account proceeded) "said he, to use his own words as I can remember them, *This scripture did once save my life: when my eldest son died; which went as a dagger to my heart; indeed it did.*" Naturally enough, this affecting passage was supposed by Mr. Forster to relate to his son's death in battle, and Mr. Carlyle arrived also at the same conclusion so confidently, that after "eldest son" he put in "poor Oliver" in reprinting it, at the same time carefully marking the words as an insertion. M. Guizot, however, has gone two steps farther, and printed the passage thus: "Ce texte, dit-il, m'a sauvé une fois la vie, quand mon fils aîné, mon pauvre Olivier, fut tue, ce qui me perça le cœur comme un poignard." In making this change without the least authority, M. Guizot marked unconsciously the weak point in

the supposition he had adopted from others, and on which he was himself too confidently proceeding. If the Protector had really intended his allusion for the son who had been slain in battle, would he not, in place of the simple expression, "when my eldest son died," more probably have said just exactly what M. Guizot has thought it necessary to say for him.

We are now in a position to prove that the allusion was not to Oliver, but to Robert; that Robert lived till his nineteenth year; that he was buried at Felsted within seven months of the date of the letter containing the allusion to the kindness of the Mashams respecting him; and that his youth had inspired such promise of a future as might well justify the place in his father's heart kept sacred to his memory as long as life remained. In the register of burials at the parish church of Felsted, under the year 1639, is the following entry: "Robertus Cromwell filius honorand viri M<sup>ris</sup> Oliveris Cromwell et Elizabethæ uxoris ejus sepultus fuit 31<sup>o</sup> die Maii. Et Robertus fuit eximie pius juvenis deum timens supra multos."\* Which remarkable addition to a simple mention of burial we need hardly point out as of the rarest occurrence on that most formal of all the pages of history—a leaf of a parish register; where to be born and to die is all that can ever be conceded to either rich or poor. The friend who examined the original for us could find no other instance in the volume of a deviation from the strict rule. Among all the father's, sons, and brothers crowded into its records of birth and death, the only *vir honorandus* is the puritan squire of Huntingdon. The name of the vicar of Felsted in 1639 was Wharton; this entry is in his handwriting, and has his signature appended to it; and let it henceforward be remembered as his distinction, that long before Cromwell's name was famous beyond his native county,

\* This curious entry has been more than once carefully examined, and it is here printed *verbatim et literatim*, as it stands in the register. The word denoted by the contraction M<sup>ris</sup> is "Militis," in the sense of esquire, or arm-bearing gentleman, and there are some rare examples of its use with this meaning before a proper name. "*Ritter and Miles*," says Selden (*Titles of Honor*, lvi.), often "signify in the old feudal law of the Empire, a gentleman, as the word gentleman is signified in *nobilis*, and not a dubbed knight; as with us in England the word *militēs* denotes gentleman, or great freeholders of the country also."



he had appeared to this incumbent of a small Essex parish as a man to be honored.

The tribute to the youth who passed so early away, uncouthly expressed as it is, takes a deep and mournful significance from the words which lingered last on the dying lips of his heroic father. If Heaven had but spared all that gentle and noble promise

which represented once the eldest son and successor of Cromwell's name, the septre then falling might have found a hand to grasp and sustain it, and the history of England taken quite another course. The sad and sorry substitute — is it not written in M. Guizot's narrative of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell?

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND THE MONUMENTS OF THE TEMPLARS AND FREEMASONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.** — At a time when the very sinews of nations are strained to erect buildings amongst heaps of ledgers, cash-books, &c., we forget that those far superior *ministers* of the Middle Ages are owing to a secret association, the Lodges and *Bauhütten* of whom had nothing at their command but *enthusiasm* and self-devotion to a great cause. Their archives and banners (*rouge, blanc, bleu!*) vanished with the men who possessed them; still, they left their mystical emblems on the stupendous edifices of their creation. The Knights Templars also extorted from John Plantaganet the *Magna Charta* — a possession far exceeding any thing obtained during the six hundred years following. Such an *order* of men, and its imprints and monuments, deserve a place in any art or architectural collection, which lays claim to even comparative completeness. There exists in a not large but charming Templar church at *Schongrabern* (Grave-beauty!) in Austria, a series of altorelievos representing the very rites and mysteries of the old Knights Templars, which Hammer has figured in his *Mines d'Orient*. They are perfectly well preserved, as the building lying somewhat aside the high road escaped the ravages of bigoted Vandalism. Models of these most curious rites and mysteries, together with similar representations, probably existing on some ancient buildings of France, England, &c., would form an interesting series, illustrating the history of those builders and artists, whose works all our boasted but *jéjune* and formal skill has not yet surpassed. — *Notes and Queries*.

**THE TUNE THE COW DIED OF.** — I see no *casus mortis* in either of the versions given; but the following, which is as common as either, would explain the catastrophe well enough:

"There was an old man, and he had an old cow,  
And he had no fodder to give her,  
So he took up his fiddle, and played her this tune,  
'Consider, good cow, consider,  
This isn't the time for grass to grow,  
Consider, good cow, consider.'"

Probably by "the tune the cow died of" was originally meant a satirical reference to a good

reason being no sufficient substitute for a good dinner. — *Notes and Queries*.

**CHRISTIAN NAMES.** — What is the meaning of the practice which prevails in the United States, of inserting between a man's Christian name and surname a letter of the alphabet? Is this part of his baptismal name, and the initial of a second Christian name, or the name itself? It seems that in our own country a letter may be, and sometimes is, a good name of baptism. In the case of *The Queen v. Dale*, 17 *Queen's Bench Reports*, p. 66., Lord Campbell. C. J., said, with reference to an objection that the name of a person mentioned in a declaration was not stated in full:

"I do not see that there is any reason for supposing that the magistrate's actual name is not 'J. H. Harper.' There is no doubt that a vowel may be a good Christian name; why not a consonant? I have been informed by a gentleman of the bar, sitting here, on whose accuracy we can rely, that he knows a lady who was baptized by the name of 'D.' Why may not a gentleman as well be baptized by a consonant?" — *Notes and Queries*.

**REMOTE TRADITIONS THROUGH FEW LINKS.** — "In the fifteenth century King James I. (of Scotland) met with an old lady who remembered Wallace and Bruce, and he inquired eagerly about their personal appearance. She told him that Bruce was a man of noble, admirable appearance, and that no man of his day could compete with him in strength. But she added, that so far as Bruce excelled all the other men of his time, so far did Wallace excel Bruce in strength."

The preceding extract is from a speech by Sheriff Bell at a meeting at Stirling for a monument to the memory of Sir W. Wallace, reported in *The Times*, June 30, 1856.

Probably some of your correspondents will be able to give Sheriff Bell's authority for the statement, as well as the "old lady's" name, age, and history. I do not remember her being quoted in your interesting collection of remote traditions through few intermediate links. — *Notes and Queries*

## THE LAST LETTER.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

ABOVE the dark and rugged street  
Of one poor squalid town,  
With biting winds and driving sleet  
The Christmas-eve came down.  
Through many a window glowed the light  
From hearths which brightly burned;  
And many a welcome hailed, that night,  
Some wanderer returned.

But through the darkness and the cold,  
With eager footsteps sped  
A feeble woman, bowed and old,  
A toiler for her bread;  
The worn-out rags her form which cloaked  
Could give but scanty heat,  
The freezing mud-pools splashed and soaked  
Around her hurrying feet.

Day after day her years were past  
In toil and penury,  
Yet hope's glad radiance was cast  
On even such as she.

She had one brave and loving boy,  
A soldier, far away;  
Her all of earthly pride and joy  
In that one darling lay.

Her trembling hand a letter held  
(‘T was soiled, and creased, and worn),  
For two long months had seen it spelled  
Full oft, from night to morn;  
She murmured to herself the words  
Which had lent strength and life  
To the spent soul's relaxing chords  
Through weeks of weary strife.

Light shadows fitted o'er the blinds,  
And voices glad and sweet  
Were sounding on the howling winds  
That swept the lonely street.  
She smiled, and said, “‘ You must not grieve,  
But, mother, hopeful be,  
For on the coming Christmas-eve  
You shall have news from me.

“ ‘ Not long shall you be left alone —  
The hardest times are o'er —  
This cruel war will soon be done,  
And I be free once more.  
I have been safe where shot and shell  
Dealt death on every side —  
Where many a brave man wounded fell,  
And many a soldier died.’ ”

She climbs the bleak and rugged hill,  
The destined goal is near —  
Poor throbbing heart ! be still, be still,  
Thou hast no doubt nor fear.  
The eager question's asked : O joy !  
A letter ! Well she knew  
The promise of her own dear boy,  
Once pledged, was ever true.

With tears of gladness low she knelt  
Upon the empty street;  
And then, her long day's toil unfelt,  
She homeward turned her feet.

A cheerless home, you would have said —  
Nor food, nor fire, nor light —  
The glimmering cinders almost dead —  
Her joy made all seem bright.

She fanned the embers to a blaze,  
Her slender rushlight sought,  
And close beside its feeble rays  
The precious letter brought.  
A curl of soft bright chestnut hair  
Falls shining on her hand,  
Sent by some pious comrade's care  
From that far foreign land.

For he's dead — ay, dead and cold !  
Her lips sent forth no cry —  
No sound of lamentation told  
Her inward agony.

The long night waned, the Christmas morn  
Broke coldly in the sky;  
But ere the festal day was born,  
Life had with hope passed by.

— *New Monthly Magazine.*

## LIVE IN LOVE, 'TIS PLEASANT LIVING.

BE not harsh and unforgiving,  
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.  
If an angry man should meet thee,  
And assail thee indiscreetly,  
Turn not thou again and rend him,  
Lest thou needlessly offend him;  
Show him love hath been thy teacher —  
Kindness is a potent preacher;  
Gentleness is e'er forgiving —  
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

Why be angry with each other?  
Man was made to love his brother :  
Kindness is a human duty,  
Meekness a celestial beauty.  
Words of kindness, spoke in season,  
Have a weight with men of reason;  
Don't be others' follies blaming,  
And their little vices naming,  
Charity's a cure for railing,  
Suffers much, is all-prevailing.  
Courage, then, and be forgiving;  
Live in love, 't is pleasant living.

Let thy loving be a passion,  
Not a complimentary fashion;  
Love is wisdom, ever proving  
True philosophy is loving:  
Hast thou known that bitter feeling,  
'Gender'd by our hate's concealing?  
Better love, though e'er so blindly,  
E'en thy foes will call it kindly.  
Words are wind: O, let them never  
Friendship's golden love-cord sever!  
Nor be angry, though another  
Scorn to call thee friend or brother.  
“ Brother,” say, “ let's be forgiving;  
Live in love, 't is pleasant living.”

[From “Poems,” by Edward Capern, Postman, Bideford, Devon.]

## PART IV. (CONCLUSION.)

## CHAPTER XII.

VAUGHAN HESKETH made a second pilgrimage to Beacon's Cottage the next morning. A restless night had caused his ideas, only confusedly rebellious before, to arrange themselves in the most compact ranks of mutiny. Made courageous by a belief in his own immunity, he had now given the reins to those frantic steeds—his thoughts—his wishes; and they dragged him where they would. He was desperately resolved, with the indomitable resolution of a selfish man to win that which he covets, let what will stand between. His own interests, he said to himself, did not stand between. He was secure. The will was signed, and safely in the keeping of the family lawyer. Redwood, he argued, was virtually his—he had no more now either to gain or to lose from Mr. Hesketh. If the young man did not consciously calculate, among the other advantages of his position, the fact that his uncle could not, as the doctors said, linger many days, most assuredly it did unconsciously, and as a matter of instinct, weigh with him very forcibly.

So, nothing "stood between." Nothing but the pale face—paler than ever that morning—with the eyes looking unnaturally large, and the sometime rosy lips drawn closely together, in a strange sort of painful calm. The only thing that seemed to have power to affect that curious calm, was when Caroline looked at Vaughan's clouded brow and deeply-meditative aspect, or heard his voice, hasty and querulous, beyond all the transient impatience she had ever noted in it before. Then her look would soften, and her eyes would fill with sudden tears; then the cry of her heart would almost rise to her lips—"O, Vaughan, Vaughan! If I could only comfort him—if I could only help him a little!" But she dared not try. She dared not, for she felt the solemn sense of the duties that were before her—duties for which all her quietest composure, her steadiest thought and courage, would be needed. No passionate indulgence of emotion must risk breaking down the floodgates of that heart of hers, where even now heaved and swelled the tumultuous tides of overwrought feeling. Caroline was learning a new lesson of control;

till now she had hardly required it. In the free joyousness of her youth, she had experienced few feelings that she might not avow. All shades and degrees of concealment had ever been unnatural and obnoxious to her careless, innocent spirit. Where she loved, she had been loving, of look, gesture, tone; where displeased, voice and manner had told it too. Sorrowful, she appeared sad; mirthful, she was merry. The conventional hypocrisies of the world, and those, sublimer and more heroic (as it is supposed) of modern novel and romance literature, each were alike unknown to Caroline. But now she guarded herself jealously. The few words she exchanged with Vaughan were quietly uttered. He would have been surprised at her composure, had he not been too much occupied with his own meditations to notice it at all. When she was about to withdraw, to resume her watch in the sick-room, he looked up for a minute. She lingered.

"You won't want me, I suppose? Because I think of going for a long walk—to be out all the morning."

"It will do you good," said Caroline. "Go, Vaughan."

"I don't know where I shall go." He took pains to tell her the unnecessary falsehood. "But you won't be likely to want me?"

"No. Pray go, dear Vaughan." And she went from the room hastily; and when the door was closed behind her, she clasped her hands against her eyes, forcing back the tears that had been brought to them by this new evidence of Vaughan's restless misery.

For Vaughan,—truly he was restless, if not altogether miserable. A few minutes more he passed in walking up and down the room, busy with his reflections; then he started off.

It was indeed a long walk that he took; for twice he turned at the top of the dark pine-wood, and paced with long strides the narrow footpath. But at length consulting his watch, and finding that "lesson time" had surely commenced, he issued from the dusky shadow of the tall trees, and wound his way to the gate of Beacon's Cottage.

But a carriage stood before the usually quiet little entrance, and men were strapping boxes and imperials to the roof, under the direction of a most energetic and shrill-voiced *femme-de-chambre*.

"Non — non — ce n'est pas bien fait. Madame ne le veut pas comme ça. Madame est très exigeante. Prenez garde la. Doucement — doucement, avec cette boîte la! — si vous avez chiffonné quelque chose! Ah! Ma foi! Chut, chut, chut!"

Perfectly innocent of all meaning these accents fell on the honest rustic ears of the men, but Vaughan Hesketh heard also, and he gathered therefrom something of desperate interest to himself. Madame de Vigny was taking her departure from Beacon's Cottage, and evidently was bent on no mere slight journey, or brief absence. Why was she going — and where? He must know — he must see her before she went — he must learn from her own lips. There he paused, and gnashed his teeth in impotent anger, thinking of Miss Kendal. Miss Kendal would be with her — there would be no possibility of private conference — every look, every word, would be watched by those jealous, keen eyes. And she would go, he might not know where; he might lose her irrevocably — for ever! If once she slipped from him, he could not tell — he could not insure to himself the possibility of finding her again. Fairy, witch that she was, she might elude him, like flame, or air, or light, or any other beautiful, fleeting mockery. He wrought himself up to a point almost of frenzy, thinking thus. Finally he arrived at a reckless boldness — a disregard of all considerations save the one. What was Miss Kendall to him? She could do him no harm now. Let her know that he did not care for Caroline! Let her know that his very life and soul — his whole capacity of love and of devotion — was solely and entirely engrossed and lost in Blanche de Vigny! Let her know it, let her even tell Caroline: it would but save him the trouble of doing so himself. Let her do her worst. She should no longer frighten him from the goal of his desires. He dared her to harm him — he would have his will.

Of the *femme-de-chambre* he inquired if her mistress was to be seen. A doubtful response at first ensued, but further consideration appeared to render the thing more feasible. She would see; and he followed her into the

house — into the drawing-room, where he waited.

How lifeless the room looked, though the fire blazed brightly, and the pretty fauteuil was drawn close to it, as if in readiness for its former occupant. The flowers flourished at the windows, and the outer world was far more serene than at his previous visit. A calm haze rested over everything — the outline of the hilly landscape was softened into misty indistinctness, joining the gray clouds, which themselves looked as solid as if they had been another and further range of hills. Stillness most profound reigned paramount within that charmed apartment. No stir of children, no sound of voices disturbed it, though Vaughan listened with ears made doubly sensitive and acute. He hated to have to understand that they must all be gathered together in the breakfast-room at the further side of the cottage, equally out of sight and of hearing. She might leave the house, and he waiting there, ignorant and helpless. He chafed sorely; he was about to leave the room, that he might at least watch the carriage, to see that it did not bear her away, when a silken rustling without the door transfixed him. He leaned on the back of a chair, watching the door, prepared to spring forward when she should enter.

But she did not enter; instead, Miss Kendall trod deliberately into the room, looked at him with a fixed look of cold inquiry, and said, "Madame de Vigny is on the point of leaving. May I ask your message?"

"I wish to see herself," said Vaughan. His face flushed high; he advanced to the door, but there he was arrested, quite as much by Miss Kendall's clear, steadfast eye, as by her tall and unusually majestic presence. "I must see her," he said again, but in a more subdued tone.

"What have you to say to her, Vaughan Hesketh?" Miss Kendall sternly asked; "what is your mission here? Is it one you dare avow to me?"

"By what right do you question me thus, madame?" he returned, fiercely. "Who constituted you observer and censor of my actions? I am answerable to no authority of yours; I acknowledge no such tyranny."

"Nevertheless, you must be content at present to be ruled by such tyranny," said Miss Kendall, with grim complacency. "I



shall certainly observe your actions, so far as they concern those in whom I am interested; and I am afraid it is likely that I shall censure them also. To go still farther, if I see occasion, I shall oppose—circumvent them to the best of my ability. I give you fair warning."

"It is unnecessary," he ground out the words between his teeth—"I have long been aware of your systematic plan of conduct towards me."

"That's a mistake of yours. You may have dreaded such a systematic watch upon you, but you have not had it till now. But we waste time, and mine is precious. What is your business with Madame de Vigny?"

"I shall only answer that question to herself; I will not be prevented seeing her. If you refuse to let me pass by the door, here is the window;" to which window he strode, and began to unfasten it.

"Take care—don't hurt my flowers," said Miss Kendal, coolly. "You are putting yourself to a great deal of fuss and trouble for nothing," she added. "The door is quite free to you, be assured; I have no intention of forcibly detaining you, as you seem to apprehend. There is no such conspiracy afoot."

"Where is she, then?"

"In the study; she is busy, and would rather not be disturbed at present."

"Did she say so?"

"I say so; and I tell no lies at any time, or for any sake. You behave strangely, young man. Do you suppose I attach such high importance to the fact of your seeing or not seeing my visitor before she leaves me?"

"Then I can see her?"

"If and when she chooses—not before. It was she, not I, who objected to your request for an interview. I come as her ambassador, not as her jailor, as you appear to imagine."

In fact Vaughan perceived that his impetuosity was needless, and somewhat foolish. He had been in so great a hurry to put into practice his new theory of reckless boldness, it had never struck him that it might be unnecessary—that Miss Kendal had not even said, though he had taken it for granted, that he was not to be allowed to see Madame de Vigny. The consciousness of his mistake incensed him. He was perplexed, also, as

to what he should do. He paused, biting his lip. Contending passions were lashing him almost into frenzy. The dark face worked turbulently. He flung himself into a chair, and clenched his hands together in a kind of impotent desperation. He chanced to catch Miss Kendall's look; it was a curious one—a certain pity softened its uncompromising rigidity. He had never seen her look thus at him before. It suggested a new chance, and he snatched at it.

"I am almost mad, I think," he muttered.

She made no reply.

He looked up into her face earnestly and inquiringly. Anon that expression gave place to a certain impatient determination to overcome the feeling of cowardice that weighed him down. What was there in her—a woman—that she should thus quell and daunt him, with her steadfast look and firm-set mouth?

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, with an effort at a *degagé* air—"I beg your pardon for the haste with which I spoke."

He rose, and walked to the window.

"I can excuse you," Miss Kendall replied, drily; "I expected little less. I am aware that you are in a very critical and perplexing position."

He turned and looked at her with a look of defiance glittering in his eyes—curling about his mouth.

"Yes, I am aware of the fact," she pursued, quite unaffected by his glance; "Madame de Vigny acquainted me with what she deemed your very unjustifiable behavior."

"What do you mean?"

"Honorable men are not in the habit of declaring love to one woman while they are betrothed to another."

He looked at her again. It was useless to stand at bay thus—he should lose all, perhaps, by this show of bravado. She, though he hated her, and he *felt* she knew and hated him likewise, was the only person who had power to aid him, and she *must*.

"I confess," said he—I confess I love Madame de Vigny. It may be my misfortune—nay, I know it is. It has involved me in much distress—much perplexity."

"And this being the case," Miss Kendal pursued, slowly, "you cannot marry Caroline."

She watched his face keenly; as he was perfectly aware.

"Heaven forbid I should do her such wrong!" he said fervently. "But there is my keenest pain — poor Caroline!"

"Spare yourself. You have doubtless enough to suffer on your own account. Your predicament is equally singular and unpleasant. You must be aware that the first step you will have to take, is to formally and entirely annul your engagement."

"You are right," he pronounced, folding his arms, with eyes meditatively fixed on the ground.

"You are prepared, then, to do that, and by so doing, to give up the future prospects which depend on that marriage?"

Vaughan started, and involuntarily he hesitated, but her clear, sarcastic eye bent on him forced him to reply.

"Everything must be given up. I will not play false to my own heart or to Caroline."

He grew warmer as he concluded the sentence. Some after-thought appeared to lend him courage.

"Only let me see her before she goes," he added. "It is necessary that I should speak to her, tell her —"

"Not before the engagement is at an end," she said, decisively. "You have no right to speak to her till then."

He writhed under her quiet, reasonable, terse sentences, delivered in that clear, metallic voice; but he had gone too far to afford either to resent or reject her counsels. The threads of fate seemed tangled in an inextricable confusion about him. It was with a sense of real and earnest misery that he buried his hot face in his hands.

"To Caroline — poor Caroline," he muttered, "it will be a severe — an unexpected blow."

"Never fear — she is not to be crushed even by that. Better she should *know* at once. A solid reality, even of the gloomiest, is safer, better than the fairest illusion. She has been deceived too long."

"Unwittingly on my part," he eagerly rejoined. But his listener shook her head.

"You deceive yourself if you think so. Since I have seen you together, you have never loved Caroline Maturin."

"At least," said he, after a brief silence, "I love her too well yet, to bear to think calmly of the grief I shall cause her."

"You are too kind," sharply answered Miss Kendal, whom all such allusions seemed to arouse into uncontrollable spitefulness. "You must summon courage. Call to mind how your own proceedings are necessarily cramped, till —"

He said nothing. As if from deep musing, he suddenly started, and addressed her again — "But before she goes you will let me see her?"

"For what reason?"

"I *will* — I *must* see her!" he cried, passionately. "If necessary I will follow her —"

"You best know the extent of your own daring. But Madame de Vigny can be indignant — can resent insolence."

"Insolence!"

"It would be such — you must know that."

Vaughan ground his teeth. "Nevertheless," he declared, "I would follow her — ay, to the end of the world. And I *will* know whither she is going."

"O, a truce to these spasmodic flashes! We live in a century that laughs at such things. There is no mystery, and no need for such vehemence to discover it. Madame de Vigny simply travels by rail to London."

"To London?"

"I have told you. Now, Vaughan Hesketh, I think we have said all that needs to be said. You had better go."

"And not see her for a single moment?" he cried in an agony of entreaty.

"I see no use — no object in such an interview." But almost against her will, Elizabeth Kendal was touched by what seemed the one golden grain of reality in the young man's composition. "Wait here," she added; "you may make your own adieux if you see fit." She left the room.

Vaughan still sat with his hands clasped firmly together on the table before him, and his head bent down. Disturbed thoughts, wild, eager expectation, divided their empery over him. It was only by a determined effort that he held himself still, in at least an external calm.

It seemed a long time before the closing of a distant door, a sudden burst of children's talking, and presently the sound of approaching footsteps, made his heart beat stormily. Then he heard the faintest murmur of a voice among the rest — her voice — and detected

the movement of the door-handle, as if a gentle touch were laid on it at the other side. He sprang from his chair; he met her face to face, as she entered.

She leaned on Miss Kendal's arm, and the children hung about her. She had only a smiling bow, perfectly graceful, perfectly unembarrassed, to bestow on Vaughan. She was in her travelling attire—rose-lined bonnet and furred mantle—and her maid just then brought her gloves to her, at the same time announcing that everything was ready.

"Will you—are you leaving us for long?" Vaughan forced himself to say.

She stood just within the doorway, drawing on her gloves deliberately, but ever and anon giving a smile, a caress, a few words, to one or other of the children. She glanced up at Vaughan for an instant—a single, transient, glittering glance—"It is quite uncertain when I shall return. Adieu, Mr. Hesketh! *Saluez pour moi Mademoiselle Maturin, je vous en prie.*"

And again twining her arm within that of her old governess, she turned to go. Through the square hall into the porch, and through the well-ordered garden to the gate, whereat the carriage waited, the children followed in a troop, loud with their regrets that "cousin Blanche was going away," impetuous in their demands on her attention. She embraced them all, fondly but hurriedly, then escaped from them. The steps were down—the man stood by the door to assist his mistress. Madame de Vigny clung for a minute to Miss Kendal, kissed her hastily on both cheeks, then, drawing her veil over her face, she prepared to spring in. Another hand than the servant's held hers for a minute, and the flushed face of Vaughan met her eyes. He murmured a few words. She bent her head courteously, nothing more.

Another minute, and the carriage drove off, and the rest stood watching the brown fallen leaves that had been tossed aside by its relentless wheels. The children had run outside the gate, and were tossing the withered leaves about, laughing in their quickly-regained glee. Vaughan's eyes were strained forward with an expression eloquent enough of the bitter, desperate wretchedness he felt. Miss Kendal looked

at him; she was not without pity, even where she had little liking.

"Will you come in again for a few minutes?" she asked him.

"No—no, thank you. I am going on a long walk," returned he, passing his hand about his brows wearily and perplexedly—"that will be best. Good-morning!"

Miss Kendal paused in the midst of gathering her little folk around her, as he said that, raised his hat, and turned to leave the cottage.

"Stop an instant! Tell me," she said, in a low, but emphatic tone, "when shall I come to see Caroline?"

"When you will; I care nothing," he said, recklessly.

"But, understand! she must be told, and at once. Before to-night either you or I must tell her—which shall it be?" Her uncompromising eyes fixed him—held him fast. "It ought to be done—it *must* be done," she further pronounced. "If you are afraid," with a touch of the old irresistible sarcasm, "I'm not. Doing wrong is worse even than giving pain. She *must* be told."

"She *shall*," he rejoined. Be satisfied,—let it be as you wish."

And he was gone, and had plunged into the dark shadow of the pine wood, while Miss Kendal marshaled the children back into the house—"In with you—quick—and to lessons! To the study at once! I'll be with you in two minutes."

And for the two minutes she looked out on the misty hills and bare-branched trees, thinking to herself, "I am a female Brutus—nothing less. I know that I have expedited the very stroke that is to wound her; for he is right—he is right. To think that it should be so, and such as *he* have the power to make my girl wretched. If I were not a Christian woman, how I could hate that man!"

She seemed to find some not altogether Christian satisfaction in deliberately and distinctly uttering these words, and at the same time tying a small end of packthread, which she had been twirling in her fingers, into about a dozen very hard and very tight knots. And having so solaced herself, but still with an aspect of unredeemed gloom and disturbance, she sought her pupils, and prepared to enter on the business of the day.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Caroline, informed that Miss Kendal awaited her in the study, entered to her there.

It was dim twilight, and half the room was in shadow. Only near the windows lingered a pale light, and about the hearth, where the fire burned and threw a sullen red glow around it. By the window stood the visitor. She drew Caroline towards her, kissed her forehead, and then abruptly asked for the invalid.

"He is asleep; he has slept much to-day."

"And you have watched much, poor child."

A pause. Miss Kendal's face grew stern and stony in the grey half-light. But Caroline did not see it. Her own look was fixed on the vague shape of the trees in the garden, just dimly discernible through the overhanging mist. When her companion looked at her, it was to note with surprise the serenity of sadness that her countenance wore. Surprise, and something else, that in a less matter-of-fact person than the straightforward governess might have been called anguish.

But not a suspicion of either feeling lurked in the quick, dry tone with which she put her next question—"Have you seen Vaughan Hesketh lately?"

"Not since morning. He went out for a long walk. He is very miserable!" said she, falteringly.

"Yes, my dear; very miserable, without doubt."

"But—we shall both try to bear our grief." She went on—"We will—we will help one another—"

But there she broke down. Her head drooped on to the hand of her friend that she held clasped in her own, and she gave way to the tears that had been so hard to restrain through the long day.

"Don't cry; why do you cry, child?" said Miss Kendal, impetuously. But as she spoke, she strained the young girl to her heart in an uncontrollable passion of tenderness.

"I can't help it," Caroline presently murmured; "when I think of Vaughan. He finds it so hard to bear, I know."

"My dear, Vaughan has miseries of his own. One of them I am about to tell you." There was a brief silence.

"Troubles that he never told me? I think you must mistake," she then said, gently but proudly.

The other paused for a minute, as gathering her forces together. When she next spoke, it was in a firm, full tone, that never wavered, but went on to the end steadily, distinctly, and inexorably.

"I make no mistake. It is you who are, and have been, deceived. I am going to tell you in few words. Vaughan Hesketh betrothed himself to you without love. Moreover, since the betrothal, he has fallen in love with another woman, with Blanche, with Madame de Vigny. He loves her desperately and madly. Bear to believe it, Caroline, for it is true."

Again she drew her close. But Caroline broke from her with fierce strength, and stood apart, facing her; her young breast heaving, her head erect, her eyes flashing with a lurid light they had never before known.

"How dare you—how dare you tell me this?"

She paused, drew a long breath. She had no words to utter what swelled her indignant heart.

"I tell you, because I believe it safest and best that you should know."

"You always disliked him; you were always unjust to him. But this—oh, shame—shame—shame!" cried Caroline, rapidly.

She was trembling with the violence of what now began to be mingled pain and anger, but she still held herself proudly erect in the front of the accuser.

"I disliked him—yes. I have been unjust to him—very likely. We are not infallible, and prejudice is strong. But this is no prejudice, and there is no room for injustice. I tell you merely facts."

"You to do this thing—you to speak so to me—you, whom I have loved, and counted my friend," Caroline said, with intense and concentrated bitterness.

The hearer tasted the gall; the stony face quivered a little.

"My dear, I can bear your scorn. I could wish—ay, so I could!—that I deserved it. Me false, and Vaughan Hesketh true, would make a very different world to you. But God has willed otherwise."

At that last solemnly-uttered sentence, for



the first time, Caroline shrank back. But the next instant she lifted her head. In a somewhat softened tone, with a degree of stately compassion, she spoke again.

"What has deluded you? What can have put into your mind falsehoods so vile as these? Above all, what possessed you to bring them to me? To me—who know Vaughan as my own soul—who have loved him ever since I can remember what love was—who would trust him—trust him—before and against the whole world!"

Miss Kendal dashed her hand desperately before her eyes.

"Poor child—poor child—poor child! God comfort you!" she cried. Then, in a changed voice, deep and steady, she went on—"But you *must* know the truth. You must believe, Caroline; there is a witness to the truth of what I have said. He cannot be far away. You shall appeal to him."

The girl looked sharply round. But the further end of the room was lost in shadow. She could see nothing there. She turned to Miss Kendal again with even added haughtiness.

"What do you mean by all this mystery? Do you value your own word so lightly, that you think I shall credit it the more for one—or a thousand witnesses? You mistake."

"You *must* believe," the other said again, as if encouraging herself, after her own stern manner. "You *must* believe. You must be told by Vaughan himself—Vaughan Hesketh, who confessed to me the thing you cannot believe—who bade me tell you. Summon him; ask of him!"

While she spoke, Caroline stared blankly at her. Then she put back the thick braids of hair from her forehead, in a mechanical helpless way. Indeed, she felt, for the instant, like one half-awaking from some feverish sleep—altogether dizzied, bewildered, overwhelmed with the weight of she knew not what.

With a start she roused herself. The girlish figure was drawn to its full height, as she walked with a firm step across the room, and rung the bell.

The servant entered.

"Is Mr. Vaughan Hesketh in the house?"

"He has not long come in, miss. He is in his room."

"Beg that he will be so kind as to come down here—to me—immediately."

The door closed. Silence again, for three long, long minutes. It was not more, before the quick step was heard treading the hall, and with a sort of determined haste, a clashing hold was taken of the latch.

Forth from the shadow advanced the man's figure. Tall and fairly proportioned was Vaughan Hesketh. He bore himself now with a mien which balanced between dashing boldness and deprecating, regretful depression. But his face had a smouldering flush, a disordered, excited look. Coward at heart, the utmost he could do was to keep up the show of manliness; and that was no easy matter, for all his six feet of height, and his imposing visage.

He came forward; Caroline met him. There was a flash in her eye which told how, at his presence, the tottering trust stood erect again. Doubt, suspicion fled, for the moment; she could almost see the flapping of their black wings. She sprang to Vaughan. They could see each other's faces, by the pale, wierd gleam of the wintry twilight. She looked in his; then, involuntarily and all unconsciously, shrank back a little.

"Vaughan," she said, in a shrill whisper, as if something veiled the voice that would have otherwise burst into a shriek: "Miss Kendal is here. She has said—she has told me——"

She broke off. She sprang to him again, caught his hands, wrung them, and gazed into his face.

"You need only say it is *not* true," she went on. "Say it is *not* true!" she cried again.

"What is not true?" he asked, looking down at her sadly for an instant. But she took no notice of his question.

"Say it is *not* true!" she cried again. "It cannot be true; Vaughan, you know it cannot. Yesterday—only yesterday—you loved me better than the whole world. You told him so—our uncle. How dare she say, Vaughan—what she *has* said? Tell *her* how false it is; tell *her* what I know already."

He glanced at Miss Kendal, who stood immovably by the window. He did not look again at the girl's white face.

"It is our misfortune, Caroline ——" he began.

The shriek burst forth then, and interrupted him. She let go his hands, and stood apart, gazing at him, though with eyes that seemed suddenly made soulless.

"No!" she said, at length, in quite a low, quiet sounding tone; "it is some dreadful, dreadful dream."

Her clasped hands fell before her; but her gaze never wavered. She stood in the same attitude, looking at him with those fixed, glittering eyes, yet. Miss Kendal threw her arms about her.

"Come away, my child — come away."

"Vaughan, speak — speak!"

Her cry rose into a piercing shrillness. She struck aside the kind embrace, with that sort of instinctive, careless force with which we sometimes fling our arms in a troubled sleep.

"What can I say?" Vaughan said, in a half-soothing tone. "My dear Caroline, I wish ——"

"Stop!" And at last her eyes let him go; and as if some strange strength had existed in her by virtue only of that long gaze, that minute she reeled giddily, and caught at the thick folds of the window-curtain near her. Nevertheless, when Miss Kendal again sought to support her, she put her away, with a hurried, passionate gesture towards the window.

"Open it — open it!" at last she said. And not waiting for obedience or remonstrance, she herself threw it wide, and sprang out on to the misty lawn. The other followed her, and caught hold of her.

"Caroline, you must not."

"I must! Let me go! ah, let me go!"

The agony of the imploring cry was not to be resisted. Yet bitterly Miss Kendal repented her momentarily loosened grasp, when the young girl, let free, darted swiftly and straightly along the broad path that led down the garden.

"The river! the river! O, my child!" and the governess sickened as she followed.

But what was her utmost speed compared to the frenzied rapidity of Caroline? She had lost sight of her before she came to the thick and mazy shrubbery which divided the garden from the water. She did not know the paths, and she grew bewildered amid them, long before she made her way through

brake and underwood to the damp embankment, overgrown with tall, lush grass, that margined the sluggish stream.

But she had mistaken the girl's purpose. No such thought had place in her mind, maddened though she was. All she felt was simply the longing, the absolute need, to *get away* — to fly somewhere. The instinct of the wild animal pursued — wounded — in peril; the yearning to breathe in free air — in solitude; the unconscious, unrecognized desire to escape, as if sorrow could be fled from — as if grief were limited to place! All this, and more, was amongst the chaos of Carry's soul. No thought of where she was going, or for what! She did not think at all. At such seasons, the immediate present fills the whole horizon; and verily, it sufficeth. Second by second we live through such time, neither looking forward nor behind.

But she found herself on the river's bank — close upon the dark, ominous water; and she paused, and a thought cleft the tumult of feeling like a spear — a thought that made her heart leap with a sort of savage triumph over woe, at first. There was escape, there was freedom under that quiet, motionless tide. A strange freak of memory made her remember vividly how, only a few weeks before, she and her uncle had tested its depth by flinging in pebbles secured to a long string. Her very own laughter seemed to mock her, as if it yet lingered about the place: and the vision of the grey-headed old man, so kind, so loving, so glad in her glee ——!

Ay, it was enough; that thought had crushed the other; the factitious strength deserted her — she sank down amongst the moist, rank grass, and remembered no more, till she found herself pressed close in Miss Kendal's arms, and heard her voice uttering irrepressible thanksgivings.

"I will go in. I will go to my uncle," Caroline kept repeating, in the first half-unconsciousness.

"You shall. Don't be frightened, my Lina," said Miss Kendal, tenderly, for she shrunk from her as if terrified. "Come with me. Your uncle must be awake, and will want you."

She suffered her to wrap her own mantle about her, and at first even allowed herself to be led back towards the house. Grad

ually, relentlessly, memory returned to her. She stopped short, suddenly, and strove to break away from her conductress.

"You had better leave me alone—leave me to myself. I know what I am doing. Only leave me to myself."

"No; I shall take care of you."

"Take care of me!" she repeated, in an agony of bitterness. "What do you mean? Who—O, if you would but let me go!"

"My child, come with me."

She did not answer, but her resistance grew more feeble; not will but strength was failing her. She began to perceive her helplessness, and involuntarily clung to the arm which she had before been trying to put aside.

"Don't—don't take me in there," she said, piteously.

"Trust to me."

"Trust!" the word seemed to sting her into renewed vitality. "Whom should I trust—whom *can* I trust?"

"You can and should trust—God."

The reverently-uttered words touched her. The thought smote anew at her spirit, which had already been stirred from its long spiritual torpor into new life. Her head drooped upon her bosom, and she began to tremble exceedingly.

"Let me go in, then. Let me be quiet somewhere."

Miss Kendal led her as quickly as she could to the side entrance, leading through a long corridor to the back staircase. They met no one, as they passed along to Caroline's room. Once there, the governess heaved a sigh of relief. Caroline fell like one lifeless, soulless, feelingless, upon the sofa. Her eyes closed for a minute; but she was not unconscious. She drank greedily of the water placed to her lips, then sank down again.

A faint knocking at the door aroused her instantly; she sprang up.

"It is for me. My uncle wants me."

Two scared servants were at the door, when Miss Kendal opened it. The doctor had just come, and had desired that Mr. Vaughan and Miss Caroline should be summoned to the patient's bedside—immediately.

She heard; she was standing bathing her face with water, prepared, self-collected, as

it seemed. Miss Kendal's stout heart had quailed; her cheek had whitened. Not Caroline's; the demand upon her courage her fortitude, her energy, to one of her young, strong nature, was never made in vain. The very need itself created the strength to meet it. She looked at her companion almost calmly.

"I know what it means; I knew it must be. Do not look so sad. He is very content. Now I am going."

"And I with you."

She made no objection, and they entered the room together. The grave doctor was leaning over the old man, counting his feeble pulse. Vaughan stood near. He crossed rapidly to Miss Kendal.

"I think it would be better——" he began.

But she waved him away, and Caroline fled at once to her uncle's side.

Mr. Hesketh smiled faintly.

"I am glad, my dear children," he faltered, and then looked inquiringly from side to side. "Vaughan, where is Vaughan?"

The young man drew near, but Caroline's uncontrollable shudder made him hesitate. His uncle looked at him, earnestly, as he took his hand into his weak, nerveless grasp.

"I have not done all my duty by you, Vaughan," he said, humbly. "God forgive me—and take care of you—and keep you right. Caroline!"

She crouched closer to him; a sickly dread oppressing her. But the old man's gaze in resting on her seemed to forget everything else. He let drop the hand of Vaughan which he had held. Gradually the meaning in his eyes altered, though they were still intently fixed on the girl's face.

"It is a long time—a long time since!" he murmured to himself. "Laura—you are the same Laura. Where are the beech trees?"

He gazed round, in a mazed, bewildered way. Caroline twined her arms round his neck, in desperate fear. Never before had she heard her mother's name upon his lips.

"No, no," he said, at length. "I know you, my child, Caroline. You were even as my own daughter—always. I made you happy? May I tell her so?"

She clung to him, speechless. His eyes smiled on her—till the last.

They took her away.

"\* After a little while, the thick clouds that seemed choking her burst into a passionate rain of tears. All sense and feeling were lost for the time, steeped in that wild flood. From it she subsided into a motionless, pallid calm, that for awhile half alarmed Miss Kendal, who watched over her. But it did not last long. A sudden recollection overwhelmed her.

"Now, I must not stay here ; now he is gone, this is not my home — any more," she cried, starting to her feet. "I must go — somewhere."

The sense of forlornness, of desolation, smote her. She covered her face with her hands. It was such a change, and she was half a child yet. She felt lost, bewildered,

as if suddenly removed from the sunny garden she had known all her life long, to a dreary desert, bare, hopeless, trackless.

"My child, my dear child," cried Miss Kendal, the rare tears standing in her eyes, don't speak, don't look like that. Come to me. I am waiting for you, longing for you ; come !"

She held her arms stretched towards her. The girl raised her head, looked earnestly yearningly, for a moment, then, with a sad wailing sigh, she crept into her embrace.

"Take me away ! only take me away from here !" was all she said.

"Truly, I will," said the governess, with a sort of gloomy triumph, as she gathered her close to her heart.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

So Caroline went with Miss Kendal to Beacon's Cottage. For three long, heavy days, the girl seemed almost yearningly to linger on the margin of some great illness, that would at once steep soul and body in its own strange oblivion. But such forgetfulness, even though it would be gladly purchased with much pain, seldom comes to those who crave for it most sorely. Caroline felt, oftentimes, as if the chords were so tightly, strung, of sense, and thought, and feeling, that surely, *surely* they must break, unless some such relief were granted, and the tension relaxed. But no, full consciousness was to be her portion ; she was to drain the draught of suffering, so new to her lips, to the very ultimate dregs. During those three days, it is not too much to say, she lived over again, almost at every minute, the few hours of that dreadful evening. There is a curious faculty in the mind, during certain phases of its hardest trials, which causes it to arrange its very tortures as in a cruel orderliness ; to make pictures of those past events which have wounded the spirit almost unto death ; to set the story of the wo that is even yet writhed beneath, to a sort of rhythmic music, that *must* be listened to, ay, and felt to the innermost vibration of nerves already overwrought to a very anguish of sensitiveness. This strange ordeal the young creature's soul had to pass through now. Some natures are exhausted by much suffering into a species of torpor ; some struggle through, and find a wild relief in the struggle, till physical strength fails them, and they are

prostrated, and unconsciousness enwraps them, like a kind, protective shroud. But Caroline's nature possessed all the predominant characteristics of her untried youth : its strength, its passion, its resistance, its fearless daring, its wild incredulity of the very burden under which it staggered. All this made endurance a lesson most difficult to learn, and yet her spirit was of that sort that does not bend or break, but *must* endure, even to the end.

The days went by. Miss Kendal heard — though she did not think it necessary to tell Caroline — that Vaughan had gone to London. She heard, too, of his return, two days afterwards. She marvelled inly as to the results of his journey ; although, in truth, she entertained but small doubt as to the issue of his suit to Madame de Vigny. A sardonic smile was all the prospective compassion she had for him. She felt, indeed, trebly steeled in pitilessness when she looked at Caroline. Meanwhile, more than one message of inquiry for Miss Maturin came from Redwood ; to which Miss Kendal returned succinct replies. That lady watched her charge with a grim anxiety, a never-wearying care, such as might have been expected in her. She guessed something of what passed under the stony outside — the gray, moveless calm, that characterized Caroline's aspect during this time. She did not try to disturb it, by look, or word, or gesture. Her love it was, perhaps, which lent her the fine tact as if instinctively to pursue that course, best and fittest, and in truest sympathy with the young



girl's tone of mind. No added tenderness did she suffer herself to be betrayed into; no observation, nor even anxiety, was ever apparent, to grate upon the jealous sensitiveness of the sufferer. She was simply and naturally herself, it seemed. Her habits were unaltered—she still gave the children their lessons, and their usual mirth was only enough checked, that it should not penetrate too rudely to Caroline's quiet chamber. Sometimes, she noted with a degree of satisfaction, that the wandering echo of a childish laugh reaching that still retreat would arouse its inmate for an instant from her trance-like immobility. She would look round with knit brows and an irritable gleam in the hitherto clouded eyes. With stoical contentment, Miss Kendal marked these signs of displeasure in her darling. Vitality—even though it were a vitality of pain—was what she desired to see re-assert itself.

It was nearly a week after Mr. Hesketh's death, and was the afternoon appointed for the funeral. Some instinct must have told Caroline of this, for no word had been uttered in her hearing concerning it. The governess was almost startled in the midst of lessons, to see the pale face, the unnaturally large eyes, looking wanly but with an eager intentness at her amidst the busy group in the school-room. The children stared in silent awe at the "sad lady." She gave them no glance in return, but only beckoned her friend.

"I want you. I must go to the little church to-day."

"Not to-day, my dear; you are not strong enough."

"I must go," she persisted—"I must go."

To all her persuasions and arguments, she replied only by a reiteration of those three stubborn words. Miss Kendal hardly knew whether it was most perilous to indulge or to resist her urgings. With a perplexity most unusual to her, she allowed the girl to wrap herself in a cloak, and then lead the way to the door. But there the difficulty was decided for her. The free air, the fresh gust of wind that swept across the hills, and greeted her as she stood on the threshold, seemed to bear some mystical influence with them. Caroline staggered giddily, and fell to the ground.

She was quite helpless for the time. Miss

Kendal lifted her, carried her into the bright drawing-room, and laid her on the sofa there. Even then, it was physical power, not mental consciousness, that failed her. Her eyes, wide opened, expressed a dumb impotent anguish, very terrible to see. At last, it was more than the friend who loved her could bear to stand by calmly and watch. She knelt down beside her, and gathered her in her arms; she laid the poor, drooping head upon her bosom, in the old sweet, comforting endeavor, that so very rarely fails of its object. Caroline was insensibly soothed. The first natural gush of warm tears came to her—the first natural utterance of her misery escaped her.

"O, if he were here again! He was so good—he loved me so much. I could bear everything then."

And then, after a pause of passionate weeping, she broke again into unconnected sentences, involuntarily wrested from her, as it seemed, of piteous, hopeless forlornness and desolation.

"Take comfort, my child," said the deep, tremulous voice of Miss Kendal; "you are not desolate; some love is left to you yet."

"I trusted Vaughan's love. Vaughan—Vaughan!" she cried, in a sudden paroxysm of desperation, as if the word once let loose defied her own power of restraint. "I believed in him, I looked to him for love, and help, and consolation—always. If he had died—if only he had died—so that I might have kept my love for him. It is so dreadful to think—to think that my Vaughan is nothing—worse than nothing! that he never lived—never! that I may not keep even his memory dear and sacred in my heart!"

She spoke as if to herself. It seemed a relief to vent in words the thoughts that had wrung her soul day by day. But a fuller consciousness soon followed. She looked hastily up into the face of her companion, and paused in her revelation. Even then, her calmer thought could not endure to impart the details, the proofs of his deliberate falsehood. She fell back, and was silent. But as she buried her face in her hands, many a cruel memory came to torture her with fresh corroboration of the long-planned scheme of deception, laid and practised by this man—the ideal of her girlhood, the hero of all the story of her life hitherto.

Ay, there was the sting that poisoned most festeringly the young, trusting nature — that had never yet known doubt, that had been fenced around with love, and care, and tenderness, during all the years it could remember. Miss Kendal was puzzled sometimes (not knowing how much the girl herself knew) that she at once penetrated to the sense of the complicated faithlessness of Vaughan Hesketh. She had apprehended that, in her woman's capacity for excusing faults and palliating offences where she loved, she would have absolved her betrothed, after awhile, from all intentional deception. But that possibility did not exist for Caroline. It had been a dear blessing to her at that time had it done so. But the unwarped sense of right in herself would have forbade all such paltering with the truth, even if her own instinctive feeling had not been beforehand with it. She had no mental cowardice in her. She could bear to understand, if she could bear to *feel*, that Vaughan had been treacherous and base; that he had used her love first as an instrument, then as a toy; that he had deceived the dying uncle who had been his benefactor, as well as the woman who had given him her all of love and confidence. That, in short, as she had said, the Vaughan that her love had invested with such dear and ideal attributes, never existed. Old truths that, even when they were boy and girl together, Miss Kendal's clear eyes had seen, but hers had been blind to, came back to her now — tiny links in the great chain of evidence that, against her will, and to her cruel anguish, every hour of every day was adding to in her mind.

It was fatally clear to her now, why, and for what, the betrothal had been sought for by Vaughan. All Mr. Hesketh had said to her as to the division of the property, recurred to her now, far more vividly comprehended than it was at the time. And then, the day before that dreadful evening, when, at the dying man's bedside, Vaughan had taken her in his arms, saying he loved her! Sometimes, as these and other recollections passed before her, she found herself unable to continuously realize them. She felt blinded and dizzy; sense failed her for a space, and a curtain of blankness seemed drawn between her and those hideous visions. It was so now. She fell back again upon her sofa, moaning feebly, and shielding her eyes from the light.

Miss Kendal drew down the blinds, and sat down beside her, holding one of her hands. She lay very still for so long a time, that at length the governess believed she must be sleeping. Very welcome was that belief. Surely the crisis was past, or passing, and a better and a calmer state not far off.

Miss Kendal softly left the room to give some directions concerning the children. When she returned, with her basket of never-failing knitting in her hand, her charge still lay quiet — she had not moved during her absence. She sat down in her old place beside the sofa, and busily pursued her knitting, while the early twilight fell, and gradually darkened the room and the outside world of garden and bare hills. Miss Kendal's knitting at last lay idle upon her lap, and she mused, with her eyes fixed upon the fire that now illumined the room with its peculiar glow. In that glow, the slight figure on the sofa, in its long white wrapping-gown, looked more than ever fragile and spirit-like. The watcher could almost have found it in her heart to arouse her even from sleep, that by stirring she might break the eerie spell that seemed upon her.

But she did not stir, even when a clang of the outside bell caused the mistress of the house to look up from her thoughts with a vexed impatience. Presently, the servant entered.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Vaughan Hesketh would be glad —"

"Hush! In the library," imperatively waved Miss Kendal, as she rose from her seat, and hurried the maid from the room. One backward look she gave at the couch, with its motionless, recumbent figure. As she looked, the figure stirred.

"I heard," said a clear but quivering voice. "Go to him; and then tell me what — what he comes for. Go quickly come back, and tell me — quickly."

"My dear, most likely it is some mere matter of business. Don't be disturbed."

"O, I entreat you to go to him at once," she repeated, in a sharp tone, too piteous to be wholly querulous; and let me know — all; don't keep anything from me. Go."

She went, without more words.

The little library was steeped in shadow. The lamp, just lighted by the servant,

burned only dimly. Miss Kendal's first care was to rectify that, and turn a full and brilliant light upon every corner of the room. Then, still standing, with stern and stately deliberation, she looked towards that corner where her visitor was seated.

"Well, sir; your business with me?"

Vaughan Hesketh, in his mourning dress, with white, haggard face and disordered hair, wore a different appearance to what she had expected; his voice, too, was hollow in tone—his manner subdued even unto humility.

"I come to tell you—to tell Caroline—that I am utterly ruined—utterly hopeless. I leave Redwood to-night—forever. I would I could blot myself from the world as easily."

There was something of a studied inflection, his hearer thought, perceptible in the utterance of these desperate words. She preserved her rigidity and coldness.

"Indeed! What has happened?"

"Perhaps you are already aware," he answered, with what was apparently an uncontrollable burst of bitterness. "I know you were in my late uncle's confidence. Possibly, he consulted *you* before making his will."

"I am quite ignorant of anything in Mr. Hesketh's will that should discontent you. By it, I understood all his property was to be yours. Is it not so?"

The slight shade of anxiety in her tone assured him that her ignorance was unfeigned. His manner changed.

"Such was, I well know, his original intention; but during his illness he made a new will."

"Ah!"

"He leaves Redwood in trust for Caroline and her children, in the evident belief that we shall marry, according to his known wish and intention." He paused. Miss Kendal said nothing. "Our union was very near his heart, as you know," he added, hesitating in an experimental sort of inquiry, perfectly apparent to the sharp shrewdness of his companion. There was another pause.

"So Redwood is Caroline's, then," said Miss Kendal, with a ruminative air; "and she is not left penniless, after all?"

"Penniless! You cannot suppose that, even had the original will stood, I should

have suffered my friend—my dear companion—my once betrothed—to lack the means to which she has been accustomed all her life. Do me at least justice."

"I try, Vaughan Hesketh," she replied, drily.

"I have been most unhappy—most wretched—in the entire affair. Would to heaven I had never beheld the friend—the syren—you yourself brought to our quiet, happy Redwood!" he cried, energetically.

"Be careful of your dates, in justice to me. Remember Mrs. Bingley's party, and various other occasions, during your stay in London."

"I am in danger of forgetting everything!" he returned with a passionate tossing back of the hair from his forehead; "you do not know the complications that overwhelm me—of remorse, despair, misery, most complete and hopeless."

"I can guess," said Miss Kendal, grimly. "Doubtless your position is uncomfortable enough. But you have earned it. You schemed, and your schemes have failed. You are foiled—not wronged."

"You are ungenerous," he called out, writhing under her cold, steel-like sentences; "you have no right to taunt me with my own bitter misfortune."

"I would be the last to taunt you; nay, had you only been true to yourself in but a single feeling, your reality in that should have my sympathy; your wretchedness would command my compassion. But I believe I appraised you too sanguinely, after all. Even what you called your love for Blanche de Vigny was but a gust of passion, it has blown by, even now."

He said nothing. He could afford neither to acquiesce nor to contradict.

"But to the point," resumed Miss Kendal; "your present business with me—what is it?"

"I came to tell you, as I have said; I thought it best that you and Caroline should learn the intelligence through me, before the lawyers make their formal announcement. Besides——"

"Ay, what besides?" seeing he hesitated.

"I wish I could see Caroline," he entreated.

"That is quite impossible," Miss Kendal answered, with stern decision. "Go on with what you have to say to me. I cannot spare much more time."

"Your ears are poisoned against whatever I might say. It is useless for me to intrust my perplexity of grief to you."

"Heaven forbid you should attempt it. That, I presume, was scarcely the object of your visit."

Again he was silent.

Miss Kendal's patience was at ebb-tide. "You chafe me, Vaughan Hesketh," she exclaimed, in her resonant tones—her deliberate utterance heightened and hastened to something like impetuosity. I can see no good to be gained by your presence in this house. What object you propose to yourself I know not, but out of my old experience, my mind misgives me, that when you plan good for yourself, it means evil to another. Go your ways."

"But how shall I know—how hear?"

"Whatever it is requisite you should know, shall be written to you. Is there not a penny postage? Communication by pen and ink is the very thing for you and me," she cried, in much wrath. "I have told you before, you chafe me, and you take up my time. I object to both those inevitable results of your visits. Come here no more."

She opened the door—she marshalled him forth. The innate cowardice of his nature instinctively succumbed to her sweeping decision—her imperative, uncompromising will. He was compelled to follow her. But infinitely enraged, and at the very last daring stage of desperation, he looked around him as for some straw to which he might catch, of extraneous help and support.

The involuntary carefulness with which the governess passed the drawing-room door fired him with a thought. They are often boldest who are most slaves to fear. He seized the handle of the door, opened it, and before he could be prevented, he stood in Caroline's presence. Miss Kendal, the mischief done, followed him, closed the door, and took her place beside the sofa, with all apparent composure.

The young girl was seated, her head erect, her bearing quite free from any trace of weakness, or even of suffering. She had, perhaps, been listening to those footsteps along the corridor, and knowing that Vaughan was so near, she had felt little shock at seeing him actually before her. Howbeit, she looked at him unflinchingly. Only the convulsive motion of the pale

hands crossed closely upon her lap, showed that the calm was little beyond merely external.

He returned the look for an instant. Then he approached her, eagerly—"Caroline—Carry! Say one word to me. One word of comfort! Indeed, I need it sorely."

Miss Kendal impulsively put out her hand as to check his advance. Caroline laid her own upon it, and drew it back.

"Don't, dear friend. Let him——"

Exultant at the gesture and the words, the young man forgot his caution; he threw himself at her feet, and took her hand—

"Carry—my own true Carry! do not suffer any human breath to come between us. It is to *you* I speak—with *you* I have to plead—you, who have enough of truth, and generous, forgiving love to blot out all the past—all the mad frantic past which lost you to me. I was wild, I was frenzied, bewitched. But I have returned to my old heart—the heart that only you ever possessed—ever had dominion over. Take it, Carry, forget, forgive, and in your great love let all be engulfed and lost. Carry, listen to me."

She was listening. She had loosed her hand from his hold, but, regardless of the gesture, he continued his passionate appeal. She looked on him, the while, with a strange look. It was not in all his soul to interpret its meaning aright.

"Carry," he went on, "I am miserable—very miserable. To know that I have deserved my misery, does not make it more bearable. To know, too, that I have made *you* miserable, maddens me. You, most innocent, most loving, most faithful! Forgive, pity me!"

Her lips formed one or two words, but no sound issued from them.

"In you, with you, my salvation rests! I am lost if I lose you. But I shall not, cannot lose you; my guide, my companion, my sweet, pure Carry. You love—you love me, and by your love I hold you, and I claim you—mine!"

He would have put his arm round her, but there she recoiled from him. She moved aside towards Miss Kendal, and clasped both her hands close. But still she looked fixedly on the man at her feet. There was some fascination for her in that wild, haggard face—the unveiled face of her prophet.



And he, emboldened by that gaze, again said, "You love me, Carry. You *must* forgive, for you love me!"

Then spoke Caroline, in her young voice, clear and ringing as a bell—"I forgive you; but I love you no more—I love you no more."

Distinct, incontestable came the words. Then she rose, gently put aside Miss Kendal's proffered aid, and walked firmly, steadily from the room, without another word, or glance, or sign.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE executors of Mr. Hesketh's will, the trustees of the property, where Elizabeth Kendal and George Farquhar—"my old friend's son, in whom, from my observation and experience of him, I have much confidence," ran the terms of the will. It was well for the former that her pupils left her to stay with relations about this time. Woman of business, of decision, and action, though she was, she might have found her multifarious duties too much for her. Besides, she was cruelly anxious over Caroline. She longed to get her away from the neighborhood, to give her change of air, people, and scene. Change, that panacea for youth? It would seem as if the young, under calamity, possessed the power of shedding their past existence, as birds moult their feathers; so often do they rise from the sackcloth and ashes of a past grief into new and brilliant life. But this seemed scarcely likely to be the case with Caroline. True, she woke from the heaviness of the first dark wo, into a serene quietude; true, she soon began to interest herself in the duties of her new position, as prospective mistress of a large estate. No energy was wanting, she spared neither time nor thought, and had even the virtue to be patient over all the tiresome legal formalities which were necessary. With unwearying perseverance, she read over a vast number of papers, written over in that peculiar round text, so hateful to many an unfortunate, till she almost began to *think* in the prim parlance of attorneys and conveyancers.

But for all her cheerfulness, her patience, and her evident steady determination, girl as she was, to conquer, and not be conquered, in this first hard battle of her life, that life had changed, and changed to one of which the hues were more subdued, the tone chastened. *Peace* was her's. It could not be so, seeing she had done no wrong. The Christian spirit of submission dawned in her soul. But happiness is at once less and more than peace. Though her life was serene and

harmonious, the spontaneous music, the sweet, gushing joyousness were gone, altogether gone, for the time.

Perhaps the first human brightness that came to her, was when she had succeeded in her endeavor, had completed her long-cogitated plan, and had obtained sufficient money to pay Vaughan Hesketh's debts, a list of which was obligingly furnished by that gentleman. For the rest, £200 a-year was left to him by the will, and Caroline only waited her coming of age to increase it. She found a great satisfaction in thus doing and resolving. Money he should not want. If she could, she would gladly have given him all that wealth that had been so fatal a temptation to him. Luckily, as Miss Kendal often thought, such a Quixotic act of munificence was out of her power.

But at length the business arrangements were all over, and Mr. Farquhar, who had come down to Redwood at intervals during their progress, might take his leave with an easy conscience. He had seen very little of Caroline. The start of pained remembrance which he had noted in her at their first meeting, acted as a most effectual warning to him, not to give more occasion for such spasms of memory than was absolutely inevitable. Thus, he saw her seldom; he actually conversed with her—never. It was impossible that he should not at once penetrate into the true state of the case as regarded her and Vaughan, but no word uttered he, of surmise, inquiry, or observation. A reticence for which Miss Kendal esteemed him highly. Her regard, indeed, for him was sufficient for her to take him into her counsels, on the eve of his departure.

"Miss Maturin needs change. These law matters concluded, I see no reason why she should not have it. Do you?"

"Assuredly not. Although nominally a minor, under your guardianship, I imagine Miss Maturin is very much her own mistress."

"And her guardian's also, perhaps. Well, she wishes to go to France, to St —, where her early childhood was passed. Do you know anything of it?"

"I have been there. It is a quaint old place, and the country round is pretty. A thorough change from Redwood. You could hardly do better, in my judgment. I wish you a prosperous journey," said Mr. Farquhar; and he made his adieux as soon as he courteously could.

Four years the young heiress and her faithful friend remained away from England, traversing almost the whole of the Continent during that time; and making thorough acquaintance with various spots of classical and picturesque celebrity. Tidings more than once reached them of Vaughan Hesketh. That he had entered the army was the first—some influential friend having procured him a commission. Then they heard his regiment had sailed for Calcutta; and the next news came through Lady Camilla Blair, who was emphatic in her admiration of the handsome and agreeable young officer, whom she had found to be a nephew of Mr. Hesketh of Redwood. "How cruel of the old gentleman to adopt him, and then despoil him of his inheritance for a mere whim!" was the comment of the outside world, impersonated by Lady Camilla. Finally, Mr. Farquhar, whom they met at Rome, informed Miss Kendal of the fact of Lieutenant Vaughan Hesketh's marriage at Calcutta to the daughter of his general. And, as not very long after the announcement of this union the bridegroom was gazetted to his company, there can be little doubt but that it was a prudent as well as suitable alliance.

That same year, Madame de Vigny married again. In passing through Paris, on their return home, the travellers had the pleasure of visiting Madame la Comtesse, at her magnificently-appointed hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Her taste for luxury, brilliance, and gaiety was now amply gratified, and so long as these things preserved their attraction, doubtless she would continue a happy woman, in her own way.

"But," said Caroline, waking from a reverie, as they journeyed the last few miles towards Redwood, "I don't envy her. Nor, indeed, would I change places with any one

I have yet seen, unless it were you, *ma mie*. Or, perhaps—but then—he is a man. And I have not the least remnant left of my childish ambition. I wouldn't be a man for the whole world."

"My dear," said Miss Kendal, with much subdued amusement, "may I ask the meaning of all that eloquence? Who is it you do not envy, and who is it you might, perhaps, wish to be, if he were not a man?"

"I was thinking of the countess. Though she seems so brilliantly happy, though she apparently has everything she wishes for, beauty, wealth, influence, and troops of friends; still, I would rather be almost any poor woman. Isn't it strange?"

"Not at all, Lina. Her wishes are not yours; her views, aims, and plan of life, differ widely, too widely, from my good, conscientious girl's. You recognize life's duties; she only looks for its pleasures. Poor Blanche! She may yet learn a truer contentment, though, possibly, at much cost. But who is your other example? Who is the knight sans peur et sans reproche, whose estate you would condescend to take upon yourself?"

"I did not say that," remonstrated Caroline, with a slight blush; "I only said I could imagine, that if — At least, I meant —"

"I know what you meant, you cautious little person. I only want the name. Suppose I guess it."

"I was thinking of Mr. Farquhar," she said, quickly, but with a certain degree of dignified reticence beginning to be evident. "His life seems very much what a good life should be, either of man or woman. I think he must be happy."

"Do you?" her companion asked, drily and doubtfully.

"Indeed I do," she went on, with some warmth. "Active, useful, the doer of good deeds, and the sayer of noble things, if he is not content, who should be? He wields his self-acquired power wisely, his influence is always exerted for the right. Yes, I think he ought to be thoroughly happy."

"So do I. But men are perverse animals, my dear, and seldom are precisely what you would expect them to be. Mr. Farquhar does not strike me as thoroughly happy, though I believe him to be thoroughly good. Some private care, perhaps, of which we

know nothing, subdues the bright colors we only see. It is often so."

"Yes," said Caroline, absently. "Ah! there are the tops of the pines on Crooks-forth Hill!" she presently cried, eagerly peering from her window. And they both became silent as they drew near home.

It was a solemn, though not a sad, coming home. Every turn in the road, every tree, every pathway, teemed with associations, some irretrievably and unmixedly bitter, others sweet and touching. Caroline's imagination was too powerful a part of her nature, and her sensitiveness too intense, for her to pass with impunity through any such ordeal. She had tasted consolation from the true Source. The cruel wounds of the past had been healed, and she had risen above all pain, all suffering to a serenity very sweet and satisfying. But, albeit her life had grown anew—although it was no crushed spirit, no weary heart, that she brought back with her to her old home—she still felt the shock and had to bear the penalty. Nevertheless the pain came openly and wholesomely, and was borne bravely and well. It was neither fretfully struggled against, nor for one hour was it weakly yielded to. She set herself to work at once. She was now of age, and being neither extravagant nor avaricious, she was possessed of a sufficiency to enable her to carry out her plans, and to build a school on Redwood estate—a school after her own heart, to be conducted on her own plan; that is to say, after her own plan's generous enthusiasm had passed under the judicious revision of one or two older and more experienced, if not wiser, heads than her own. And in the building this school, and superintending that which already existed, Caroline found plenty of happy employment, both for head and hands.

And so the time sped on. Summer again shed its glory and brightness over Redwood. Again Caroline spent long afternoons under the birch-tree on the lawn. Again she had musings, and it may be dreamland was hers yet. But now, she usually held a book in her hand, and it was pored over sometimes, and even, sometimes, she would attract Miss Kendal's attention to some passage in it.

Miss Kendal liked to bring her knitting into the shadow of the lawn on these June afternoons. She could knit, and think, and

look at Caroline, marking the soft, tender beauty that had taken the place of the fresh girliness of five years before; noting, with silent thankfulness, the serenity of the broad brow, and the quiet contentment that shone in the eyes, those steadfast eyes, that through all chances, and changes, and trials of the five years, had lost no iota of their frank and truthful directness.

Clear and pure, too, came the voice, as she spoke, without looking up from her book: "I like these old poets. Listen, mamma. Here is a quaint melody to which this scene goes well." And she read:

"The soote season that bud and bloom forth brings,  
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.  
The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings;  
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.  
Summer is come! for every spray now springs;  
The hart hath hung his old head o'er the pale;  
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,  
The fishes float with new repaired scale;  
The adder all her slough away she flings;  
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;  
The busy bee her honey new she brings.  
Winter is gone that was the flowers' bale;  
And thus I see, among these pleasant things,  
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs."

"How curious it is," said Caroline, after putting aside the volume, and looking around her for a minute or two, "to note that continual envying of nature's changed and renewed life, that some poets and philosophers feel and express so strongly. As if trees and flowers were the only things that spring again! As if birds, out of all creation, monopolized the power 'with feathers new to sing!' As if the soul had not its seasons, as well as the earth. Its autumn of loss, its winter of torpor and gloom, its spring of resurrection, its summer of fruition and full-shining content. Is it not true! Have we not all these?"

"Truly, I think so," replied her friend. "And, moreover, I even think that it is with souls as with the earth, and that till the autumn's sorrow and the winter's darkness hath befallen us, the true spring cannot renew, nor the fullness of the summer's sun bless us. They who never tasted tribulation, cannot truly tell the sweetness of content. Things are very evenly balanced, Lina! I think even our shortsighted vision may see that, sometimes. Through all woe, all suffering, all heaviness and weariness of heart

and soul, we should do well to remember that

"God's in His heaven —  
All's right with the world!"

"Even so," said the younger lady, thoughtfully. Her head leaned against the silver stem of the birch, and her eyes looked their peculiar look straight into the light, as if attracted by some kindred influence there. The red, gold hair shone as of old, its ripple-like undulations glistened in the sunlight. White and pure was the brow as ever, but a chastened placidity had taken the place of the daring, restless, ever-inquiring, ever-seeking spirit of youth. It was as though that which had been sought was at last found. And yet — was it so?

"Bless me!" cried Miss Kendal, suddenly; "that looks like Mr. Farquhar standing there, at the dining-room window. Is it, my dear?"

Caroline started, glanced up at the window, and then deliberately rose to her feet. "It is Mr. Farquhar," she said, with composure, and stood still while that gentleman advanced towards them.

"A sudden visit," remarked Miss Kendal, as she gave him her hand, in cordial greeting: "is anything wrong? You don't look quite yourself, I fancy."

"I am very well," he gravely replied; and added, after a brief pause, "I should apologize for this abrupt intrusion, but it was my only opportunity of bidding you good-by. I am about to leave England."

"Indeed! Not for long, I hope?"

"We shall be very sorry," said Miss Maturin, politely.

"It is uncertain how long I shall be away. I am going with a Government mission into Egypt," said Mr. Farquhar.

Then, as if wishing to waive the subject, he stooped to pick up the book from which Caroline had been reading, and made some indifferent remark concerning it.

"Come," said Miss Kendal, gathering her knitting apparatus together, with a certain feeling that there was some restraint hanging in the air about them, our tea-time is near. We keep primitive hours, you know, and besides, travellers need refreshment. Suppose we go in?"

She led the way, and the others followed. But some perverse influence apparently

retarded Mr. Farquhar's steps. On the terrace he paused, and turned to look lingeringly round. "It may be my last look," he said, half-apologetically. For Caroline had involuntarily paused too, but in a minute she moved slightly onward, then paused again, to pull carelessly at the laden branches of a fuschia which grew in graceful luxuriance beside where they were standing.

"Miss Maturin!" he went on, in a changed tone, "let me speak frankly for one minute. Do not think that I am weak enough, foolish enough, to rashly intrude my regrets, my hopes, fears, or wishes upon you, for a second time. I am aware that my first, almost involuntary confession, many months since, has lost me the little I had of your regard, your friendship. Do not look pained. I shall learn to bear it."

She had half uttered some words of deprecation, but at his last sentence she had turned away, deeply coloring.

"It is strange," he pursued, "that you yourself, as a young girl, among these very hills and pine woods, were the first to strongly touch that chord of my nature which now arms me to endure your indifference. Mine is no blighted soul; it is no forlorn, hopeless, aimless tide of life, that turns away now, to cross the smooth current of your existence — never again. Years ago, such a trial might have goaded a rebellious spirit — mine was so, then — into madness. Now, it spurs it on to action, to find, where and how Heaven pleases, the peace it may not have of its own choosing. Whatever the issue, whatever has been the pain, I thank you, I bless you for the good that your unconscious influence wrought upon me from the very first minute that I saw you."

She said nothing; nor moved, nor looked up.

"I believe," he said, gently, "that what I have said it will be pleasant for you to know, and remember, now and henceforward. You would not be yourself if you felt no sorrow, no sympathy, for one who gave his best wealth, his all of precious gifts, in vain. It is to tell you that it was not in vain — that I look to the life before me, hopefully, expectantly; that I am resolved to meet it with energy, and faith — it is to tell you this that I have spoken. You understand me?"



"I do," she replied.

"You will give me your hand? Let this last evening be like the old times; for we are friends, are we not?"

"Yes, we are friends," she said, distinctly. But she did not give him her hand. She began to walk hurriedly towards the house.

"Let it be as you will," he said, rather proudly. But the sudden, instantaneous, impulsive glance she lifted to his face, melted his pride electrically. "Forgive me," he cried; "I know I wrong you, when I believe you less than most true, most kind, most good. Now, I have done."

They were at the little wicket which led to the side entrance, both having apparently forgotten the more usual way of ingress by the low windows. Simultaneously, Mr. Farquhar and Caroline laid their hands on the latch; the latter drew back hastily, while her companion, with less apparent embarrassment, undid the fastening. But his foot was on the skirt of her dress, and, in her quick gesture, a great rent was torn in the thin muslin. It is singular how the merely conventional is apt to enter even into eras of deep and fervent feeling. Mr. Farquhar's apologies and regrets were most earnest and unfeigned. For Caroline, her behavior was far less praiseworthy. She stood, holding the fractured breadth a little apart, regarding it with intentness, and an expression almost of anguish quivering at her lips.

"Never mind! never mind!" she repeated, over and over again, in reply to Mr. Farquhar's self-condemnatory regrets. "It does not signify at all, not the least;" and, as she turned to go in, an extraordinary and uncontrollable burst of tears attested her insincerity.

"Stay!" He sprang forward, and *would* take her hand. With the other, she tried to hide her face, while he tried, as eagerly, and more effectually, to see it. Lower and lower the sunny head drooped, and the sobs came fast and strong.

"Caroline, what does it mean?" he asked, earnestly, almost to sternness. "Tell me, I beseech you—I charge you to tell me."

"It is foolish—worse than foolish," came faintly and falteringly. "I do not—I don't——" With a great effort she raised her head, drew her hand away, and looked

at him. "I am not so heartless as you think. I am grieved," she said, steadily—"grieved to think of your approaching voluntary exile."

"You are grieved—why?"

"For the sake of the good and noble career you leave behind you."

"Nay; I embrace one, it may be, more widely useful."

"Your friends," she went on—"your tenantry——"

"Caroline, it is best for me to go! I told you truly that I go bravely and contentedly. But it is best for me to go—for England is too dear—England is too full with thoughts of home—of you. In a word, it is best for me to go, because—because I love you."

He watched her relentlessly—she had no chance to hide a shade of an inflection on her face—it was better to dare his gaze than to tremble under it. She looked at him again, and the look sufficed.

"You *would* not deceive me, even unwittingly. Answer me truly, what does that look mean? What are your thoughts saying?"

She tried to speak steadily and clearly, but it was a very stammering, faltering, ill-constructed sentence that came out at last. "Saying that—that if you only go away because you love me, it is—it is unnecessary—for you to go."

"Well, my friends," observed Miss Kendal to herself, as, after losing sight of them for at least an hour-and-a-half, she perceived them quietly walking up and down the terrace, as if no such institution as tea ever existed in the world, "I hope you can appreciate patience as well as you practise deliberation. I am hungry."

This final remark she loudly repeated at the open window, till she succeeded in attracting their attention.

Then Caroline came running towards her—"What is it?" said she, with the most crimson assumption of unconsciousness in her face. "Do you want me?"

"Do I want you? I want my tea! And so you've torn your pretty new dress? Heedless child!"

"It was not I—it was the gate—at least, it was at the gate—the little wicket," she explained.

Mr. Farquhar put his arm round her, and

led her into the room, in the full front of Miss Kendal's eagle glance.

"Blessed little wicket!" said he, more than half-solemnly. Caroline broke from him, and was clinging to her old friend, hiding her face again. Miss Kendal looked at Mr. Farquhar with an unwonted quiver of her steady mouth in silence; then, as was her habit, she tried to veil the too great earnestness of the moment with a jest.

"My dear," she said, sententiously, bending over "her girl," "I can darn it, you know—I darn so beautifully. It isn't worth while to fret, though it is a new

frock." But for all her philosophy, a single great tear fell on Caroline's hair as she spoke.

"Come," said she, almost defiantly looking at the said tear, "let us behave as wisely as may be." She held out her hand to Mr. Farquhar—"This child has no mother but me, no father, except God. See that you love her, faithfully, purely, singly, to make up to her those long years of orphanhood—forgone years at the best. She deserves to be happy—my darling—God send she shall be so, at last?"

THE END.

COLLEY CIBBER TURNED OUT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—Can any reader of "N. & Q." throw light upon the incidents referred to in the following lines? They are printed as a broadside on a single leaf, with the half-penny stamp impressed upon it.

"Upon the Poet Laureat's being expelled the House of Lords.

"C—r (the wonder of a brazen Age),  
Always a Hero, off or on the stage,  
The other day, in courtesy, affords  
His lovely Phyz to grace the House of Lords;  
Quite free from pride, he humbly condescends  
To treat the very smallest Peers, as Friends:  
With sneer or grin approves each grave debate,  
And smiles when Brother Dukes support the State:  
On the learn'd Bishops Bench, looks kind—  
enough,  
And offers good Lord King a Pinch of Snuff.  
Whilst thus he rains his Favours on the Crowd,  
An old rough Earl his swift destruction vow'd;  
Regardless of th' Imperial Crown he wore,  
Regardless of the Bays and Brains he wore,  
A Voice as hoarse as Sutherland's gave Law,  
And made the King, the Fop, The Bard withdraw.

O C—r, in revenge your wrath forbear,  
This once your stupid, stingless satire }  
spare,  
And with dull panegyrick daub each Peer:  
Like rhyming Bellman's Ghost haunt their  
abodes,

And frighten them with Birth or New Year  
Odes.

If banished thence, you still may shine at  
C—t;

There P—rs and Scoundrels equally resort!  
Unmatched in all, Superiors never fear;  
But since you'r Peerless scorn the name of  
Peer.

"London: Printed for J. Jenkins, near Ludgate.  
Price (on stamped paper) 2d."

Is the incident on which this satire turns recorded by any contemporary writer? or is there any mention of it in the Journals of the House of Lords?

"How COMMENTATORS," &c. — Whence is the quotation:

"How commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candles to the sun."

[See Dr. Edward Young's *Poems*, Satire vii. line 97.]

"KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM."—I should be greatly obliged to any of your correspondents who would inform me where the following passage is to be found?

"Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,  
• Have oft times no connection:  
The curious hands of Knowledge doth but pick  
Bare simples. Wisdom pounds then for the sick.  
In my affliction, Knowledge apprehends  
Who is the author, what the cause and ends;  
To rest contented here is but to bring  
Clouds without rain, and summer without  
spring," &c.

J. R. W.

[The first two lines are from Cowper's *Task*, book vi. lines 88, 89. Francis Quarles is a claimant for what follows.]

"CHIMÆRA."—Can any of your readers name the author of a short poem, in four stanzas, called "The Chimæra," the first stanza of which I subjoin? It was copied, several years ago, from a novel, the title of which was not preserved:

"I dreamed one morn a waking dream,  
Brighter than slumbers are,  
Of wandering where the planets gleam,  
Like an unsphered star,  
Round a Chimæra's yielding neck  
With grasping hands I clung;  
No need of spur, no fear of check,  
Those fields of air among."

—Notes and Queries.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S RETURN.

Most blessed things come silently, and silently  
depart;  
Noiseless steals spring-time on the year, and  
comfort on the heart;  
And still, and light, and gentle, like a dew, the  
rain must be,  
To quicken seed in furrow and blossom upon  
tree.

Nile has its foaming rapids, freshets from moun-  
tain snows;  
But where his stream breeds fruitfulness, serene  
and calm it flows;  
And when he over-brims, to cheer his banks on  
either side,  
You scarce can mark, so gradual, the swelling  
of his tide.

The wings of angels make no stir, as they ply  
their works of love;  
But by the balm they shed around, we know  
them that they move.  
God spake not in the thunder, nor the mighty  
rushing blast;  
His utterance was in the still small voice, that  
came at last.

So she, our sweet Saint Florence, modest, and  
still, and calm,  
With no parade of martyr's cross, no pomp of  
martyr's palm,  
To the place of plague and famine, foulness, and  
wounds and pain,  
Went out upon her gracious toil, and so returns  
again.

No shouting crowds about her path, no multi-  
tudes' hot breath,  
To feed with wind of vanity the doubtful fires  
of faith;  
Her paths by hands official all unsmoothed, her  
aims decried  
By the Levites who, when need was, passed on  
the other side.

When titles, pensions, orders, with random hand  
are showered,  
'Tis well that, save with blessings, she still  
should walk undowered.  
What title like her own sweet name, with the  
music all its own?  
What order like the halo by her good deeds  
round her thrown?

Like her own bird — all voiceless while the day-  
light songsters trill,  
Sweet singer in the darkness when all songs else  
are still —  
She on that night of suffering that chilled other  
hearts to stone,  
Came with soft step and gentle speech, yet wise  
and firm of tone.

Think of the prayers for her, that to the praying  
heart came back,  
In rain of blessings, seeming still to spring  
upon her track:  
The comfort of her graciousness to those whose  
road to death  
Was dark and doubtful, till she showed the light  
of love and faith.  
Then leave her to the quiet she has chosen: she  
demands  
No greeting from our brazen throats and vulgar  
clapping hands.  
Leave her to the still comfort the saints know  
that have striven.  
What are our earthly honors? Her honors are  
in heaven.

—Punch.

TO ONE WHO DISLIKES FLOWERS.

WHAT memories bring they unto thee,  
That *thou* should'st turn from flowers?  
What memories from beyond the sea,  
From thy far northern bowers?  
Ah! well I know some mighty grief  
Hath crush'd from out thy soul  
The love thou surely must have felt  
Ere girlhood won its goal.  
Say not that they were never dear!  
I could not bear that sound:  
'T would break the atmosphere of light  
That now enfolds thee round.  
I'd rather think some sacred grief,  
Some buried love, may be,  
Which, link'd in memory with flowers,  
Springs up in agony  
Whene'er their gentle breath sweeps near,  
Or when thy clear eyes rest  
Upon earth's sweet and stainless buds,  
Her holiest gift — her best!

The mild heart's ease, the violet wild,  
I wove with fondest care,  
Mingling their leaves with brighter bloom —  
Exotics, wondrous, rare.  
I thought to see thee bend those eyes,  
So glorious in their light,  
Most fondly o'er the treasured buds;  
But to my yearning sight,  
There came no pleasure to thy lips,  
No smile within thy eyes;  
And coldly — coldly to my heart  
I held its great surprise.

The world may whisper thoughts unkind,  
But ne'er will I believe  
Other than this, that thy strong heart  
In bitterness doth grieve  
O'er some sad memory of the past —  
Some faded human flower —  
For which, of love, thou'dst hooded up  
A more than regal dower.

—Titan.

CLARA MORETON.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

# A QUARTET OF QUARTERLY REVIEWERS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT figures prominently in the rise and progress of both the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. To the early numbers of the former he took pains and pleasure in contributing papers quite in his own line, and written on subjects closely after his own heart; on Southey's *Amadis of Gaul*, for example; and Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*; and Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*; and Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*; and the *Life and Works of Chatterton*; and Todd's *Spenser*. Jeffrey was gratified with copious illustrations of the *verservidum ingenium Scoti* (*Gualteri*), in the varying shape of contributions now on the theme of Froissart, and now of a modern Sporting Tour — this quarter, of Godwin's *Fleetwood*, and the next, of the Highland Society and Ossian — in one number, a critique on the Honorable William Herbert; in another, a humorous *précis* of certain cookery books, sappy and savory stuff, — now again an analysis of Ritson's *Ancient Metrical Romances*, followed by the facetious jeremiad on the *Miseries of Human Life*. But in the six-and-twentieth number of the Blue and Buff agitator, appeared Brougham's celebrated article on Don Cevallos and the unsurpassing of Spain; and one of the most observable and immediate results of that essay was the secession of Sir Walter from all fellowship with such a concern. Already he had paused in his contributorship, vexed by the polemics of Judge Jeffrey's gang. Now he struck his name off the subscription-list, and avowed himself clear of the Edinburgh Whigs and all their works, and would henceforth have neither part nor lot in the matter. For some length of time their increasing violence of tone had made him ill at ease in their company; but Don Cevallos was the final *coup* — the Don was a case for voluntary and peremptory *ipso facto* excommunication, for incontinent schism from a communion so corrupt at the core and alien from the faith. Brougham's Don was the occasion of Scott's doffing the buff and blue livery which had long been troubling him as a misfit. "The *Edinburgh Review*," he writes to the publisher, "had become such as to render it impossible for me to continue a contributor to it. — Now, it is such

as I can no longer continue to receive or read it." \* He fastened on the reviewer's provisionary assurance, "We foresee a speedy revolution in this country as well as Mr. Cobbett," — and believed that he could trace a systematic tendency to ensure the fulfilment of that piece of "forsight," in the tactics of Jeffrey's *corps d'élite*, as shown by their degrading the person of the sovereign — exalting the power of the French armies, and the wisdom of their councils — and holding forth peace as indispensable to the very existence of the British nation.

Could not a counter-agent, then, be contrived — contrived with skill, and executed with triumphant success — in the form of a directly similar periodical, as to price, literary design, and *corps d'esprit* organization, — which should act once a quarter as antidote to this pernicious bane? Might not an active mixture be made upon the premises of the Glorious John of publishers, if not as a prophylactic, at least as a sound and stringent remedial "exhibition," to neutralize the bitter bad concoctions dispensed by Constable and the Longmans?

The circulation of the obnoxious Review was more than enough to encourage such a scheme. "Of this work," Scott tells George Ellis, "nine thousand copies are printed quarterly, and no genteel family *can* pretend to be without it, because, independent of its politics, it gives the only valuable literary criticism which can be met with. Consider, of the numbers who read this work, how many are there likely to separate the literature from the politics — how many youths are there, upon whose minds the flashy and bold character of the work is likely to make an indelible impression; and think what the consequence is likely to be." Now, to Scott's thinking, there was balm in Gilead for all these wounds and bruises and putrifying sores; the cure lay, he maintained, simply in instituting such a Review in London as should be conducted totally independent of bookselling influence, on a plan as liberal as that of the *Edinburgh*, its literature as well supported, and its principles English and constitutional. Provided it was once set a-going, by a few dashing members,

\* Lockhart tells us, accordingly, that the list of then subscribers (1808) exhibits, in an indignant dash of Constable's pen opposite Scott's name, the word — "STOP!!!"



he had no fear as to difficulty in procuring regular steady contributors. Accordingly he exhorted Mr. Ellis, for one, to hang his birding-piece on its hooks for the nonce, and take down his old Anti-Jacobin armor, and "remember his swashing blow;" not that he would have the projected Review to be exclusively or principally political—which would quite counteract his purpose of purveying to all lovers of their country a periodical work of criticism, conducted with equal talent, but upon sounder principle than that blue-and-yellow abomination which for six years past had been carrying all before it. "Is not this possible?" demands the zealous projector; and then with a pawky compliment, more Scott-like than Scottish in its homage to the Southrons, he assures his friend, "In point of learning, you Englishmen have ten times our scholarship; and as for talent and genius, 'Are not Abana and Parpar, rivers of Damascus, better than any of the rivers in Israel?' Have we not yourself and your cousin, the Roses, Malthus, Matthias, Gifford, Heber, and his brother? Can I not procure you a score of blue-caps who would rather write for us than for the *Edinburgh Review* if"—another unkind cut at his brother Scots—"If they got as much pay by it?" On the whole, there was ample reason, he thought, to rub his hands gleefully, and adopt the cheery notes of Harry Hotspur. "A good plot, good friends, and full of expectation—an excellent plot, very good friends!"

In this present year of grace 1856, we are not far from the Jubilee of the Review at whose conception Sir Walter was then "assisting" with might and main. In February, 1809, the first number appeared, with three articles from his pen—one on the Reliques of Burns, a second on the Chronicle of the Cid, and a third on Carr's Scottish Tour. A rival organ was thus fairly started to that of *Edinburgh's High Constable* and his *posse comitatus*—a work in which Scott the Tory might pay off old grudges on Jeffrey the Whig; for, on the eve of its publication, we find Sir Walter telling his brother Thomas, "I owe Jeffrey a flap with a fox-tail on account of his review of *Marmion*, and thus doth 'the whirligig of time bring about my revenges.'" For a series of years he was one of the most active contributors to the new journal, and continued his

connexion with it, by occasional papers, to the end of his days. To his industry and hearty good services it owes, among other articles small and great, substantial and superficial, grave and gay, the notice of Southey's *Kehama*—a notice characteristic of the critic's good-natured tact, in throwing as much weight as possible upon the beautiful passages, and slurring over the absurdities\*—and miscellanies so curiously miscellaneous as those on Church History, Military Bridges, Childe Harold, Mr. Samuel Pepys, the Life of Kemble, the Planting of Waste Lands, Ornamental Gardening, Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia* (the three last abounding, as Lockhart remarks, in sweet episodes of personal reminiscence), Miss Austen's novels,† and Morier's *Hajji Baba* in England.

Mr. Prescott, who accounts the origin of the *Quarterly* to have been more imputable to Scott's exertions than to those of any, indeed all, other persons,‡ pronounces the result highly serviceable to the interests of both morals and letters: not that the new Review was conducted with more fairness, or, in this sense, *principle*, than its antagonist, the *Edinburgh*; but that, although the fate of the individual reviewed was, to a certain extent, a matter of caprice, or rather prejudgment in the critic,§ yet the great abstract questions in morals, politics, and literature, by being discussed on both sides, were presented in a fuller, and of course fairer, light to the public. "Another beneficial result to letters was—and," says the *North American Reviewer*, "we shall gain credit, at least, for candor, in confessing it,—that it broke down somewhat of that divinity,

\* "This said *Kehama*," Scott observes in a letter to another member of the *Quarterly* staff, "affords cruel openings to the quizzers, and I suppose will get it roundly in the *Edinburgh Review*. I could have made a very different hand of it indeed, had the order of the day been *pour déchirer*."

† Scott's review of Miss Austen is in No. XXVII. of the *Quarterly*. That in No. XLVIII., also attributed to him, is by Archbishop Whately. But Gifford probably had a finger in the pie on both occasions.

‡ Prescott's Biographical and Critical Miscellanies.

§ Mr. Prescott instances the very case of Southey's *Kehama*, as reviewed by Scott, to which we have just now referred—Scott dealing tenderly with that poem, because the "order of the day" was so to do—and quite prepared, notwithstanding, to rend it in pieces with pitiless scorn, had the "order of the day" been *pour déchirer*—that is to say, had Southey belonged to the opposite camp.

which hedged in the despotic *we* of the reviewer, so long as no rival arose to contest the sceptre. The claims to infallibility, so long and slavishly acquiesced in, fell to the ground when thus stoutly asserted by conflicting parties. It was pretty clear that the same thing could not be all black and all white at the same time." In short, as he adds, it was the old story of pope and anti-pope; and the public began to find out that there might be hopes for the salvation of an author, though damned by the literary pope-dom—besides that Time, by reversing many of its decisions, must at length have shown the same thing.\*

The matter of Sir Walter's reviews is always full of information and interest, conveyed in a manly, unaffected style, which is open on all sides to all comers. If we hold with those who say that a style which goes at once to the point, which is felt to "get through business," and which carries with it no affectation, either real or apparent, is always a good style; that merit must be generally and emphatically conceded to Scott, who attends to business like a man practised in its spirit and its details, though not without an eye the while to *by-play*, where that can be indulged in without prejudice to the main *work*.

Robert Southey, as Essayist and Reviewer, in which capacity alone we have here to do with him, has been appraised as follows by Coleridge—who claims for him success in every one of his poetical enterprises, from the political song of the day, thrown off in the playful overflow (so S. T. C. designates

it) of honest joy and patriotic exultation, to the wild ballad; from epistolary ease and graceful narrative, to austere and impetuous moral declamation; from the pastoral charms and wild streaming lights of the *Thalaba*, and from the full blaze of the *Kehama*, to the more sober beauties of the *Madoc*, and the culminating excellence of the *Roderic*: "For reflect but on the variety and extent of his acquirements! He stands second to no man, either as an historian or as a bibliographer; and when I regard him as a popular essayist—for the articles of his composition in the reviews are, for the greater part, essays on subjects of deep or curious interest rather than criticisms on particular works)—I look in vain for any writer who has conveyed so much information from so many and such recondite sources, with so many just and original reflections, in a style so lively and poignant, yet so uniformly classical and perspicuous; no one, in short, who has combined so much wisdom with so much wit; so much truth and knowledge with so much life and fancy."\* "Southey," said James Montgomery, in 1838, "is not only a delightful poet, but the best English prose writer we have; at least in his line of subjects: and these have been so numerous and miscellaneous, that he is probably, next to Scott, the most voluminous—certainly the most diversified—author of his day."†

Having made election of literature as the business and pleasure and pride of his life, he laid himself out with hearty endeavor to magnify his office, and approve the wisdom and honor of his choice.

Enamoured of the books on his shelves, and the pens, ink, and paper on his table, he appeared to others, indeed, coldly laborious only, and by no means of a genial enjoying nature. A page in Rogers's *Table-talk* runs thus: "In all his domestic relations Southey was the most amiable of men; but he had no general philanthropy; he was what you call a *cold man*. He was never happy except when reading a book or making one. Coleridge once said to me, 'I can't think of Southey, without seeing him either mending or using a pen.' I spent some time with him at Lord Lonsdale's, in company with Wordsworth and others; and while the rest of the party were walking about, talking,

\*It may be worth mentioning that Southey claims for himself the merit of being, virtually or suggestively, the founder of the *Quarterly Review*. In the recent issue of his *Select Correspondence*, edited by his son-in-law, Mr. Wood Warter, there is a letter to his brother, Dr. H. H. Southey, in which, alluding to Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, then (1837) in course of publication, he remarks: "I could add some explanatory notes to the second volume. I wish he had printed that part of one of my letters in which my reasons for not accepting his proposal of introducing me to the *Edinburgh Review* were given; for I never doubted that that letter laid the foundation for the *Quarterly Review*. Not as proposing any such scheme (for I dreamt of no such), but because it made Scott dissatisfied with his own conduct in still contributing to the *Edinburgh*. I kept no copy of the letter, but very well remember that, after it was gone to the post, I half repented of having sent it, lest Scott should be hurt by the manner in which I had expressed myself."—*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, vol. iv. p. 510.

\**Biographia Literaria*, ch. iii.

†*Memoirs of Montgomery*, vol. v. ch. lxxx.

and amusing themselves, Southey preferred sitting solus in the library. 'How cold he is!' was the exclamation of Wordsworth—himself so joyous and communicative.\* But there was good store of latent heat beneath this seeming coldness; the hard-working penman had a warm heart within, whatever the temperature of the surface—a heart constant and glowing in its warmth as the fire by which he sate and wrote in all weathers, and throughout the four seasons. Thus seated, and thus writing, he reminds us of the pleasant picture old Stephen Pasquier draws of himself, in a letter to Achille de Harlay: "J'ai d'un côté mes livres, ma plume et mes pensées; d'un autre, un bon feu tel que pouvoit souhaiter Martial quand, entre les félicités humaines, il y mettoit ces deux mots: *focus perennis*."†

Southey himself called it a very odd, but a marked, characteristic of his mind—the very nose in the face of his intellect—that it was either utterly idle, or uselessly active, without its tools. "I never enter," says he, "into my regular train of thought unless the pen be in my hand; they then flow as fast as did the water from the rock in Horeb, but without that wand the source is dry."‡ Only give him the tools, and let him cut out his own work in his own way and beside his own hearth, and you have a working man happy as the day is long, though working like one who must work while it is called day, knowing that the night cometh wherein he cannot work—a night that came to him with a gloom as of sudden eclipse, with chills that no *focus perennis* could dispel, with darkness that, in solemn Hebrew phrase, might be felt. "If Gifford could see me," he writes to Grosvenor Bedford, in his thirty-fifth year, "by this fireside, where, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices me in a large room, he would see a man in a coat 'still more threadbare than his own' when he wrote his 'Imitation,' working hard and getting little,—a bare maintenance, and hardly that; writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressive in learning, not so learned as he is poor; not so poor as he is proud; not so proud as

happy. Grosvenor, there is not a lighter-hearted nor a happier man upon the face of this wide world."\* It must be added that the joyous scribe in no way scribbled off reviews "with his whole heart and soul," but sorely against both, if we are to take him literally at his word. To pen an article was as much against the grain as to compose an epic was delightful. So at least it came to be when a Quarterly review was set down for him as a regular quarterly task. At the institution of Mr. Murray's great *novum organum*, Southey was pleased enough with the rôle of well-received and well-salaried contributor. "I am impatient," he writes, "to see the first number. Young lady never felt more desirous to see herself in a new ball-dress, than I do to see my own performance in print, often as that gratification falls to my lot. The reason is, that in the multiplicity of my employments, I forget the form and manner of everything as soon as it is out of sight, and they come to me like pleasant recollections of what I wish to remember. Besides, the thing looks differently in print." Even here, however, he significantly adds: "I hold it good to make everything a pleasure which it is possible to make so."† And the possibility, in the case of the *Quarterly*, seems to have become small by rapid degrees, and unbecomingly less, until it merged in a mere negation, and lost itself in the impossible.

It was review-writing that brought grist to the Keswick mill, however: review-writing was Southey's bread-winner, and therefore must be pursued as a trade, though never so irksome; it was his staff of life, and as such must be used in daily exercise, and not exchanged for a broken reed like epic poesy or ambitiously designed history, on which if a man like Southey lean, sure he is to pierce his hand, or worse. So he had to cultivate the quarterlies on economic principles and with periodical punctuality, instead of cultivating the muses on a little oatmeal. He was ill at ease under the yoke; but gall and fret him as it might, it must be borne. He kicked against the pricks, but they kept him in the right way, and urged him onwards whither he would not. All the time spent on "articles" for Albemarle-street, he accounted so much time lost; lost

\*"Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers," pp. 204-5.

†Euvres choisies d'Etienne Pasquier.

‡"Life and Letters." (1804.)

\*"Life and Letters." (1806.)

†Ibid. (1809.)

from those colossal poems which, in his heart of hearts (truly the heart is deceitful above all things), he believed to contain a full solution of the problem,

"What shall I do to be forever known,  
And make the age to come my own?"

Review-writing was an accursed obstacle to a yearly-renewed lease of immortality; for it prevented his producing *per annum*, as he felt himself willing and able to do, an epic as long every whit as Madoc, as fluent as Thalaba, as fanciful as Kehama. "My history as an author," he complains to W. S. Landor, "is not very honorable to the age in which we live. By giving up my whole time to worthless work in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I could thrive, as by giving up half my time to them, I contrive to live. In the time thus employed every year I could certainly produce such a poem as Thalaba, and if I did I should starve." This is what Coleridge calls, in the *Biographia Literaria*, Southey's "generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as his genius alone could make otherwise."

In 1827, overtures were made to our willy-nilly Reviewer to write for the *Foreign Quarterly*. Willingly, he (no doubt unwillingly) answered — as willingly as for John Murray (an equivocal assent), "at the same price." The free will was directed by fate; for fate compelled Southey to write reviews, in order to make both ends meet at Greta Hall; but only money could make the mare go, on so weary, stale, flat, but then *not* unprofitable, a route. Hence, when the managers of the *Foreign Quarterly* attempted to (what Southey calls) "wheedle" him into giving them an article\* for their first number at ten guineas a sheet — he waxed wroth. Well, then, they would screw up their price to fifty pounds for the article. Would that do? Not at all: Southey answered them in no mealy-mouthed or soft-nibbed penmanship, that he wrote such things literally for lucre, and for nothing else, and that if they had screwed their price up to the sticking point, he certainly should not lower his to meet it. "This," he told Henry Taylor, "brought an apology for tradesmanlike dealing, and a hope that I would be pleased to accept the £100." How

\* The subject being the Moorish History of Spain.

essential it was to the poet's exchequer and home department, that he at least should conduct these negotiations in a tradesman-like spirit, may be inferred from a fragment in his correspondence with G. C. Bedford in the following year, where he writes: "Now from the said public my last year's [1827] proceeds were, — for the Book of the Church and the Vindiciæ, per John Murray, *nil*; and for all the rest of my works in Longman's hands, about £26." — "so that if it were not for reviewing, it would be impossible for me to pay my current expenses." \*

Southey was a jibbing horse in the *Quarterly* team. He had a dislike to the driver, who had the whip-hand of him, and sometimes touched him on the raw. In 1822, and afterwards, he was quite disposed to take part in an opposition Review, to the extent even of editing it, if proper terms could be come to, which they never could. When Gifford died, and himself was passed over by John Murray, Southey's hope was to secure the Albemarle-street editorship for John (now Mr. Justice) Coleridge, with whom he could work more harmoniously than with the deceased despot. But to his intense chagrin, the berth was assigned to Lockhart, under whom Southey worked grudgingly and of necessity, noway as a cheerful giver. His personal antipathy to Lockhart is freely enough expressed in the series of his letters last published. Murray, of course, got deeper than ever in his bad books. "Murray," he tells his uncle Hill, in 1825, "has not written to me since the change of administration, feeling, no doubt, whenever he thinks of me in connection

\* Two or three years later, he writes to another correspondent (Mrs. Hodson, 1830): "And thus my life passes; little employments elbowing worthier and greater undertakings, and shouldering them aside; and the necessity for providing ways and means preventing me from executing half of what I could and would have done for other generations." And yet, he adds, how much better was this than pleading causes, feeling pulses, working in a public office, or being a bishop, with all the secular cares which a bishopric brings with it, not to speak of its heavier responsibilities. So that, afflicted as he was by his subjection to Quarterly pains and periodical penalties, he would not, after all, change places with a Harry Brougham, toiling onwards and upwards to the woollack; or a Harry Southey, his brother beloved, feeling pulses at a guinea each; or a Rickman or Wynn, his tried and trusty friends, prosperous in official life; or a Right Reverend whom you will, patronage, and palace, and place in parliament, and all other perquisites notwithstanding.



with that subject, like a dog when he has his tail between his legs. He has got himself sufficiently into disgrace with all parties concerned." In 1827 he complains of "the cavalier behavior of Lockhart," which, he says, made him think it very likely that he must withdraw from the Review. And in 1835 he writes, that Lockhart and Murray between them have contrived to affront him to the point of secession: "The story is not worth telling; it was a piece of disrespectful ill-usage, which I resent not upon either Lockhart or Murray, but upon the 'Review' personified,"—a *façon de parler* with a good meaning, morally rather than critically speaking—a charitable construction, and there an end.

Before he seceded, however, Southey had contributed to the *Quarterly* a prodigious variety of articles, written in that conscientious spirit of industrious research, and with that unlabored grace of style, *simplex munditiis*, which made him so important an ally, and hence so constant a communicant to the Tory oracle. First and last he wrote upon themes so various that they seem to be the epitome of the age, in matters political, economical, and literary. Aikin's George III., and Massena's campaign in Portugal; Alfieri and Byron; La Roche Jacquelein in one number, John Bunyan in another; now an *éloge* on Michael Sadler, and now on Mrs. Bray; a flight to the Tonga Islands, a dash through Evelyn's Memoirs, a dip into Lopez de Vega, a turn at the Copyright Question, a defence of Marlborough, a descent into the Catacombs, a plea for New Churches, a thrust at Huntingdon's Sinner Saved, another at French Theophilanthropy, a discourse on Bishop Burnet or the Chevalier Bayard, an account of Camoens or Hayley, an inquiry touching the Church Missionary Society, a View of Lisbon, an examination into Lord John's Europe and Mr. Hallam's Constitutional History, a visit with Dr. Gilly to the Vaudois, a memoir of Wolfe, a *résumé* of the *Sœur de la Nativité's* "Revelations," a report on the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλικήν*, a treatise on Colonization, warnings by the score about Ireland and Popery, and the Reform Bill and Liberty of the Press, miscellanies ranging from Captain Beaver to Oberlin, from John Hampden to Lucretia Davidson, from Prince Polignac to Felix Neff, from Sir Thomas Browne to Thomas Telford, from Dr. Bell to

Ebenezer Elliott,—these are but hints of the "diversities of operations" wherein Southey thus labored year by year continually. Truly *hic labor, hoc opus est*—and *superest* too.

Earl Stanhope occupies a conspicuous place in the historical department of the *Quarterly Review*. His contributions in the form of Historical Essays are widely known and fitly valued. How important a feature the Historical Essay is in the "head and front" of our Review literature, may be seen in the estimate set upon articles of this class, when furnished by choice spirits whose vocation that way lies. That number of a quarterly review (be it published by Murray or Longman, by Hamilton and Adams, or by Jackson and Walford) is safe to be voted a "crack" number,—that number of a monthly magazine (come it from George-street, Edinburgh, or West Strand, London) is sure to be in request—which contains a genuine specimen of the Historical Essay, in its gloss and glow, in its free inspiration and fulgent coloring, with its energy of life within it, and all its blushing honors thick upon it. Macaulay leads the way, perhaps, by all but one consent of all the earth; for as they call to mind his monographs on Chatham and Frederick the Great, on Temple and Clive, even those are constrained to hail him prince of historical essayists who yet deny him to be historian at all. Of other instances—very unequal, maybe, one with another, in respect of brilliancy, philosophical acumen, and native vigor, but all more or less distinguished in this line of composition—it is enough to remind the reader how Sir James Stephen has dealt with Hildebrand and Saint Francis; how Carlyle has written of Mirabeau and the Revolution; how De Quincy has discussed the Cæsars, and the Philosophy of Roman History; how Napier has handled Raleigh (more recently handled by Charles Kingsley, in a very different style of manipulation); how Anthony Froude has "essayed" on Wolsey and Mary Tudor,—so successfully as to win a prepossessed audience for that History of England which is now giving the critics work, or play, or pause—according to their constitution and character.

As Lord Mahon, the present Earl Stanhope worked out, in good hard-working man's style, a title in literature fully equal

in lustre to the title in nobility which he now graces. The author of a smart series of Political Portraits in a well-known weekly paper, considers it questionable if there has ever been in politics a great man among the peers — peers by birth — since the king-maker's time; and certainly incontestible, that, Byron excepted, there has not been a clever literary lord since Chesterfield's time. "Certainly," our radical reformer asserts, "certainly, as lecturers and littérateurs, they are terrible mediocrities in our day. Lord Mahon stands first: and he is about as clever and profound among historians, as Mr. Macfarlane, or Miss Strickland."\* Of what other nation, nevertheless, is the aristocracy so distinguished as ours, in well-won literary honors? "We Germans," says Goethe, by the mouth of *Wilhelm Meister*, "deserve that our Muses should suffer in the contempt they have so long incurred, since we are unwilling to appreciate men of rank when from various motives they dedicate themselves to literature. Foreign nations have taught us that birth, rank, and fortune are quite consistent with genius and taste, for the names of many noblemen are on the list of their most distinguished authors." In Germany, on the other hand, he complains, it has been a wonder hitherto that a man of birth should devote himself to literature, and few celebrated names have sought to become more renowned by their love of art and science, though many have risen out of darkness and have shone like unknown stars in the horizon. "But it will not," he predicts, "always happen so, and if I am not greatly mistaken, at the present moment the first classes in the nation are beginning to devote their talents to the task of contending for the fairest garlands of literature. Nothing, therefore, can be more distressing to me than to see the bourgeois sneer at the nobleman who loves the society of the Muses, and even men of rank with thoughtless levity deterring their own equals from a career where honor and happiness are the portion of all."† Mr. de Quincey, in his essay on the Aristocracy of England, reprobrates the habit, in some quarters, of speaking of the English nobility as an indolent class: from the limited number of our nobility, he observes, and consequently the rare opportunities for really studying

their habits, it is easy to see that in representations of this kind (whether libellous among mob-orators, or serious in novels) the pretended portrait has been founded on a vague romantic abstraction of what may be supposed peculiar to the condition of a patrician order under all political circumstances. "Haughtiness, exclusiveness, indolence, and luxury, compose the romantic type which the delineator figures to his mind; and at length it becomes evident to any man, who has an experimental knowledge of this order, that probably the ancient Persian satraps, or the omrahs of Hindostan, have much more truly been operatively present to the describers than anything ancient or modern amongst the realities of England."\* It is five-and-twenty years ago, now, and upwards, since Christopher North exclaimed at the *Noctes*, "You mentioned Lord Mahon, Timothy — I have read his *Belisarius*, and all his speeches, and hang me if I don't think he's a man."† A quarter of a century has confirmed Sir Kit's impression, and shown how possible it is for an English nobleman to be a man, as well as noble, and none the less because noble, and all the more noble because a true working man. "When men," says Addison, "are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it."‡ Earl Stanhope has taken care so to accomplish himself; and the result is a plain and patent *fait accompli*.

Alison justly ascribes to his lordship remarkable power for individual narrative — referring, for an example, to his story of the gallant attempt and subsequent hair-breadth escapes of the Pretender in 1745, which has been praised by Sismondi as by far the best account extant of that romantic adventure. Sir Archibald also does full justice to his fellow-essayist and fellow-historian's fair and equitable judgment, his discrimination, his talent for drawing characters, and that upright and honorable heart, which is the first requisite for success in the delineation, as it is for success in the conduct of events. "His industry in examining and collecting

\* "The Aristocracy of England." (*Blackwood*, 1843).

† *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. No. LVII.

‡ "The Guardian." No. CXL.

§ Alison's *Life of Marlborough*.

\* Whitty's *Political Portraits*.

† "Wilhelm Meister," book III. ch. IX.

authorities is great; he is a scholar, a statesman, and a gentleman—no small requisites for the just delineation of noble and generous achievements." Favorable opportunity was afforded for the exercise of these qualities in several of the essays contributed by Lord Mahon to the *Quarterly*—the *elite* of which have since been republished in a compact volume: we need but mention the history of Joan of Arc, in whose life and works he traces a thorough and earnest persuasion that hers was the rightful cause—that in all she did she was doing her duty—a courage too that did not shrink before embattled armies, or beleaguered walls, or judges thirsting for her blood—a marvellous serenity amidst wounds and sufferings—a most resolute will on all points that were connected with her mission—perfect meekness and humility on all that were not—a clear plain sense, that could confound the casuistry of sophists—an ardent loyalty, such as our own Charles I. inspired—and a dutiful devotion, on all points, to her country and to God. Of equal ability is the narrative-essay on Mary, Queen of Scots—the most thorough conviction of whose guilt can scarcely steel the breast against compassion for her fate—on the Marquis of Montrose, loyal in days when loyalty was no mere effect of reasoning, but an impulse, an instinct, a natural affection like that which binds a child to a parent, and calling as little for any previous proofs of exalted merit—and on Frederick the Great, in his last years, a study to be profitably studied together with that by Macaulay, of his early ones.

No name is more intimately connected with the fortunes of the *Quarterly Review* than that of John Wilson Croker. If of another it may be said, we all know that fine Roman hand; of him it may be said, we all know that smart, slashing style.

Mr. Croker's innumerable articles teem with examples of what is most microscopic in captious criticism. Some men, it has been remarked by Archbishop Whately, are so excessively acute at detecting imperfections, that they scarcely notice excellences: in looking at a peacock's train, they would fix on every spot where the feathers were worn or the colors faded, and see nothing else. Mr. Croker may see something else in the peacock, and with both eyes; but he

has the trick of seeing, with half an eye, every spot or blemish or any such thing in the plumage *in pleno*. The exultation with which he lights on a slip of the pen, or shows up a misprint, or turns inside out a distorted fact, or turns upside down an inverted inference, is supreme. He might thus far have sat for the portrait of a continental critic of whom it has been said: "Il a de l'invention en critique, une invention très-inquisitive et très-destructive. S'il a pu dire un *non bien net* à quelque opinion vague et recue, s'il a pu deconcertér une chronologie ou prendre en flagrant délit de fabrication, &c., il est content." Or rather, perhaps, for that of a transatlantic one—unnamed, indeed, and possibly unhonored, but not unsung:

A terrible fellow to meet in society,

Not the toast that he buttered was ever so dry  
at tea;

There he'd sit at the table and stir in his sugar,  
Crouching close for a spring, all the while, like  
a cougar;

Be sure of your facts, of your measures and  
weights,

Of your time—he's as fond as an Arab of  
dates;

You'll be telling, perhaps, in your comical way,  
Of something you've seen in the course of the  
day;

And, just as you're tapering out the conclusion,  
You venture an ill-fated classic allusion,—

The girls have all got their laughs ready, when,  
whack!

The cougar comes down on your thunderstruck  
back;

You had left out a comma,—your Greek's put  
in joint,

And pointed at cost of your whole story's point.

Sir Thomas Browne\* refers to quotation mistakes, inadvertency, expedition, and human lapses, as making not only moles but warts in learned authors, who, notwithstanding, being judged by the capital matter, admit not of disparagement. Sir Thomas would unwillingly affirm that Cicero was but slightly versed in Homer, because in his work, *De Gloria*, he ascribed those verses to Ajax, which were delivered by Hector. What if Plantus, in the account of Hercules, asks the good knight, mistaketh nativity for conception? Who would have mean thoughts of Apollonious Sidonius, for seemingly mistaking the Tigris for Euphrates? "Though I have no great opinion of Machiavel's learning, yet I shall not pre-

\* Christian Morals.

ently say that he was but a novice in Roman history, because he was mistaken in placing Commodus after the Emperor Severus. Capital truths are to be narrowly eyed; collateral lapses and circumstantial deliveries not to be too strictly sifted. And if the substantial subject be well forged out, we need not examine the sparks which irregularly fly from it." But so think not critics of the captious class, who, as those sparks do upward fly, bring a portentous apparatus to bear upon them, turning atomic theory into painful practice.

Hans Christian Andersen complains, in his "Story of my Life," of people who, to his knowledge, read his poems through merely for the purpose of finding faults in them—noting down, for instance, how often he used the expression "beautiful," or some such word. One reverend censor of this tribe he mentions, who "was not ashamed," says the remonstrant Dane, "in a company in which I was present, to go through several of my poems in this way, so that a little girl, only six years old, who heard with surprise his strictures on everything in its turn, took up the book, and, pointing to the conjunction 'and,' remarked, 'There is still a little word, sir, that you have not scolded about.'" Great is the pugnacity of him who *pugnatus armatus*.

Mr. Croker is commonly reputed to be *par excellence* the "slashing" critic. *Mac Growler*, in Sir Bulwer Lytton's romance, when imparting to his protégé, young Paul, the mysteries of the critical craft, thus explains the meaning of that term: "To slash is, speaking grammatically, to employ the accusative, or accusing case; you must cut up your book right and left, top and bottom, root and branch." Mr. Disraeli's portraiture of *Mr. Rigby* gives full prominence to that gentleman's slashing powers. We are introduced to him in the opening chapters of "Coningsby," in his "classical retreat," where surrounded by his busts and books, *Mr. Rigby* wrote his lampoons and articles; "massacred a she-liberal (it was thought that no man could lash a woman like *Rigby*), cut up a rising genius whose politics were different from his own, or scarified some unhappy wretch who had brought his claims before parliament, proving, by garbled extracts from official correspondence that no one could refer to, that the malcontent, instead

of being a victim, was, on the contrary, a defaulter. Tadpole and Taper would back *Rigby* for a 'slashing reply' against the field." Elsewhere in the same pungent and personal fiction, these "slashing articles" are characterized as things which, had they appeared as anonymous pamphlets, would have obtained the contemptuous reception which in an intellectual view no compositions more surely deserved; but whispered as the productions of one behind the scenes, and appearing in the pages of a party Review, they were passed off as genuine coin, and took in great numbers of the lieges, especially in the country. They were written, the caustic novelist goes on to say, in a style apparently modelled on the briefs of those sharp attorneys who weary advocates with their clever commonplace; teasing with obvious comment, and torturing with inevitable inference. What follows in the description is ludicrously, maliciously mercilessly *like*,—witness any one number of the *Quarterly* for almost any given term of years: "The affectation of order in the statement of facts had all the lucid method of an adroit pettifogger. They dealt much in extracts from newspapers, quotations from the *Annual Register*, parallel passages in forgotten speeches, arrayed with a formidable array of dates rarely accurate. When the writer was of opinion he had made a point, you may be sure the hit was in italics, that last resource of the Forcible Feebles. He handled a particular in chronology as if he were proving an *alibi* at the Criminal Court. The censure was coarse without being strong, and vindictive when it would have been sarcastic. Now and then there was a passage which aimed at a higher flight, and nothing can be conceived more unlike genuine feeling, or more offensive to true taste. And yet, perhaps, the most ludicrous characteristic of these factious gallimaufreys was an occasional assumption of the high moral and admonitory tone, which, when we recurred to the general spirit of the discourse, and were apt to recal the character of its writer, irresistibly reminded one of Mrs. Cole and her prayer-book." Equally like, and not the less amusing because not so bitter in manner, is Mr. Disraeli's later description of the Right Honorable Nicholas, shut up in his villa, and concocting a "very slashing article," which was to prove that the penny postage must be the destruction



of the aristocracy: a grand subject treated in *Rigby's* highest style—his parallel portraits of Rowland Hill the conqueror of Almaraz and Rowland Hill the deviser of the cheap postage being enormously fine. "The whole article was full of passages in italics, little words in great capitals, and almost drew tears." But after all, there is good stuff in Mr. Croker's compositions, with every allowance for the bad and the

indifferent. And as it will take something more than a stinging article, a very "slasher" in its way, by Macaulay, to upset the credit of Croker's Boswell; so will it take something more than a Disraelitish caricature, *vraisemblant* and salient-pointed as that may be, to extinguish the vitality of the (in a twofold sense) well-read veteran's contributions, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, to the *Quarterly Review*.

SUBMARINE TUNNEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE. — This project was alluded to in an English song, published thirty-one years ago, called "Bubbles of 1825," tune "Run, neighbours run:"

"A tunnel underneath the sea, from Calais straight to Dover, Sir,  
That qualmish folks may cross by land from shore to shore,  
With sluices made to drown the French, if e'er they would come over, Sir,  
Has long been talked of, till at length 'tis thought a monstrous bore."

"STARBOARD," "LARBOARD," "PORT." — G. A. J., who inquires about the derivation of these nautical terms, will recollect that the Venetians and Genoese were among the earliest European navigators, and formed during the Middle Ages, and even later, the most powerful maritime states. It is, therefore, extremely probable that the Italian language is that in which we are to look for the origin of most of our nautical terms of old standing. I have long supposed that the terms "starboard," "larboard," and "port" had an Italian origin.

Thus we have "questo bordo," *this side* of the vessel, or the side on which the helmsman stood; "quello bordo," *that side*, or the one opposite to him; *bordo*, being "tutta quella parte del vascello, che dai fianchi sta fuor dell'acqua." These terms would naturally come to be abbreviated to 'sto bord', 'lo bord'.

Then, again, the master, when directing the helmsman to put the tiller over to the larboard side of the vessel, or that opposite to him, would naturally indicate it by the word *portare*, to carry or push: "porta il timone," "port your helm, as distinguished from *tirare*, to pull.

In process of time, in order to obviate the risk of confusion between the sounds 'sto bord', 'lo bord', "starboard," "larboard," inasmuch as porting the helm always indicated the larboard side of the vessel, the word *port* came to express it altogether.

It is a mistake to suppose, as Mr. Bosworth

does, that the Anglo-Saxon, *steorbord*, is from *styr*, to steer.—*Notes and Queries*.

HYDROPHOBIC PATIENTS SMOTHERED. — Several communications have appeared in "N. & Q." to ascertain whether in cases of decided hydrophobia the patients were ever put to death by smothering or otherwise, or whether such opinion were a mere popular delusion. That death by suffocation has been practised formerly, history affords us many precedents, not to mention the instance of Edward V. and his brother; and the procuring of death as a termination of the sufferings of a miserable case, is thus described in the *London Magazine* for 1738, p. 44:

"One Brounself, a laborer, who had been bitten by a mad dog, was directly sent to be dipped in the salt water, and returned to Bedford; when the bite healed up, and he was to all appearance well, but he was afterwards taken ill on a Friday, and the Saturday was raving mad, barking and howling like a dog, and biting at everything in his way. He had intervals that he was sensible, when he desired to be tied down to the bed to prevent his doing mischief; and begged not to be smothered, as people are in his unhappy case, but desired to be bled to death. Accordingly on Saturday night he had a vein opened by a surgeon of that place, and bled till Sunday morning, when he expired in that miserable condition."—*Notes and Queries*.

WARBURTON. — Among the books formerly belonging to Samuel Rogers, and now on sale by Willis and Sotheran, is a copy of Dr. Johnson's *Table Talk*, 1785, "with the following severe verse on Warburton, written by Mr. Rogers on the fly-leaf:"

"He is so proud that should he meet  
The twelve Apostles in the street,  
He'd turn his nose up at them all,  
And thrust our Saviour from the wall."

Are these verses by Rogers, or merely copied by him from some contemporary satire?—*Notes and Queries*.

From the Christian Intelligencer.  
MORRIS.

MORRIS is, undoubtedly, our best writer of songs. Indeed, our native bards have accomplished very little in this department of composition. Hoffman has written some fine lyrics (the ever-popular "Sparkling and Bright" among the number); Epes Sargent has written "A life on the Ocean Wave," one of the most stirring and vigorous of sea-songs; Woodworth has given us the fresh and sparkling "Old Oaken Bucket;" and John Howard Payne has drawn tears from a thousand eyes with his ballad of "Home, Sweet Home," so full of homely truth and touching pathos. These, however, are but single gems. No one of our authors has, like Morris, poured forth in such rich profusion, and with such uniform acceptance on the part of the public, lyrics on almost all legitimate themes — love, friendship, patriotism, and a hundred occasional topics. Critics have pronounced "Woodman Spare that Tree" and "Near the Lake where Drooped the Willow" compositions of which any poet, living or dead, might be proud; and something higher and nobler than criticism — the universal popular heart, which by an unerring instinct separates the gold from the dross, the false from the true — has received his songs with a hearty welcome and made them "familiar in our mouths as household words." And this, after all, is the best test of a song-writer's merit. Says Jamie Hogg, than whom a better judge of a true ballad never lived: "A man may be sair mista'en about many things sic as yepies an' tragedies, an' tales, an' hymns, an' odes, an' the like, but he canna' be mista'en about a sang."

A few words by way of biography. George P. Morris was born in Philadelphia in 1802. He came early in life to New York, where he became connected with the press, and in 1823, in connection with Woodworth, commenced the publication of the "Mirror." Many of our readers will remember with pleasure that admirable magazine. Almost all of our writers of any distinction contributed, at different times, to its pages, and under the able editorial control of Morris, Willis and Fay, it maintained a high standing as a literary journal for nearly twenty years. In 1842, however, it succumbed to the "pressure of the times," and died, we may safely say, "universally regretted." There are still to be found not a few elderly, conservatives who, cherishing fondly the *souvenirs* of their youth, shake their heads at *Harper* and *Putnam*, and maintain an honest opinion that the old "Mirror" was the best thing of the kind ever gotten up in this country.

In the following year, Morris and Willis, then, as now, "literary twins," became associated in the publication of the "New Mirror," which lived a three-volume life. In 1844, these gentlemen projected a new enterprise, in the "Evening Mirror," a daily paper which was conducted for more than two years under their control, and still lives, under different management. In 1846 they established the "Home Journal," which is at present in course of publication, and which, we believe, is considered the special organ of "Upper Tendom."

As will be perceived by this brief summary, Morris' literary career has been long and active. He has, perhaps, accomplished as much as any man to advance the interest and raise the standard of polite journalism in this country.

We cannot better conclude this brief sketch than by quoting one of Mr. Morris' most popular little poems, not offering it as a specimen of his poetical abilities only, but as an example of the felicitous manner in which, while employing the simplest language, he often succeeds in touching the heart by giving expression to those deep and holy feelings which we love to think are common to most of us, and whose genuine utterances all can appreciate:

#### "MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

"THIS book is all that's left me now —  
Tears will unbidden start;  
With faltering lips and throbbing brow  
I press it to my heart.  
For many generations past,  
Here is our family tree;  
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,  
She, dying, gave it me.

"Ah, well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear;  
Who round the hearth-stone used to close  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said,  
In tones my heart would thrill!  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still!

"My father read this holy book  
To brothers, sisters dear;  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who leaned God's word to hear!  
Her angel face — I see it yet!  
What thrilling memories come!  
Again that little group is met  
Within the walls of home!

"Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried;  
When all were false I found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasures give  
That could this volume buy;  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die."

From the National Intelligencer.  
LOST MAPS.

BY J. G. KOHL.

OUR historians very often complain of the want of true, authentic, and original documents about the matters they wish to treat of. But amongst no class of historical documents has the invidious and cruel time been so destructive as amongst the charts and maps which navigators and conquerors constructed of their discoveries and conquests.

Old maps have been disregarded, nay maltreated, since the earliest time until our days, from various reasons, particularly because everybody was under the impression that a newer and improved map superseded the older one and made it quite useless. Yea, perhaps useless for practical purposes of travelling and navigation, but not so for science and history. No body thought of it that maps were just as valuable monuments as coins or inscription stones or books. Everybody forgot that maps sometimes tell the story otherwise, or more clearly and more completely than books, which in many instances are explained and interpreted by them, and cannot be understood without them.

Maps have not been admitted at all to the dignity of historical documents until the very latest times, where those views have changed, and where we commence to glean and collect the few scattered relics left us on the field of destruction.

In all our topographical and hydrographical offices, from the very first institute of this kind, which, three hundred and fifty years ago, was founded in Seville by King Ferdinand of Spain, it has been too much the custom not to preserve old maps as something precious for the future, but to destroy them as something useless for the present. In these institutes they have been laid aside, or, as they call it, *condemned*, wholesale, and are become so rare that the Spanish Government some years ago paid the price of two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds for one single old original map of America.

The costliness of their reproduction by printing is another reason for the rarity of the early maps of the world. The old English historian Purchas says, somewhere

in his work, that he had certain very interesting original maps of English discoverers before his eyes; that he should like to copy and reprint them in his book, but that he did not do so because it would be "*too expensive*." In consequence of this, those maps which Purchas had before "his eyes" are now lost to us, and no friend of history can buy them, though he with pleasure would give as many pounds for one copy as it would have cost shillings to old Purchas to print a thousand copies.

Not only the manuscript maps, but also the printed maps of early times are become very scarce. The manner in which they were annexed to the books exposed them very much to destruction. They were torn out from the books and rent in different ways, so that now very often an old book with the map belonging to it cost six or seven-fold as much as "when this map is wanting." I could quote maps which have been printed only two hundred years ago, and which existed then in hundreds and thousands of copies, of which we have now only one or two copies in the British Museum or in some other such precious collection.

It would be much easier to name all those original maps relating to America which are still preserved to us than to give a list of those which are missing. I have, however, already been some time occupied with the composition of such a list, which is to give a review of all those maps interesting for America, *which have been lost*, of which we can prove *that they existed once*, and which may perhaps be recovered somewhere.

For to-day I take only the liberty to point out to you and to the readers of your paper some few maps. I do it with the intention to draw your and their attention to this subject, so seldom treated of.

1. The father-in-law of Columbus, the Italian navigator Palestrello, left at his death to his wife many papers and maps of the islands and waters of the Atlantic ocean. His widow gave these papers and maps to Columbus when he married her daughter. Columbus is said to have studied them diligently, and to have fortified by them his conviction of the feasibility of a western navigation.\* How interesting would it be for an American historian to have a copy of one of

\* Ghillany History of Behaim.

these maps by which Columbus was instructed!

2. The celebrated Italian cosmographer, Toscanelli, a contemporary and friend of Columbus, is said to have constructed a map of the islands and of the circumference of the Atlantic ocean, which he, being ignorant of the existence of America, thought to extend as far as the eastern shores of Asia. Toscanelli is said to have shown on this map in what manner and direction one could sail from Spain westward to Asia; and it is pretty generally believed that Columbus had this map on board when he discovered the New World. The famous Bishop Las Casas says that he had this map in his possession;\* perhaps it may exist still somewhere in Spain.

3. Columbus himself was a great map maker and cosmographer. He gained even at different times his livelihood by composing maps. He must therefore have made a good many maps. They are all lost to us.

We dare say that Columbus composed three sorts of maps. At first he copied the maps of harbors and coasts long ago known and surveyed by others, and which he sold to the navigators and sailors. Then he constructed before his voyage speculative or hypothetical maps of the world, on which he showed how he believed the configuration of the great parts of the world to be. Such a map of the world or globus he brought before his learned examiners at Salamanca, to show them how one could reach the Orient by sailing westward. What a price would be paid for this famous *globe of Columbus* if it could be found somewhere!

At last Columbus composed many maps from personal and actual survey. Some of these, his surveys, are mentioned by authors. So, for instance, a *survey of the vicinity of the mouth of the Orinoco* and the island of Trinidad. This map of Columbus is mentioned as having been brought forward by his heirs in their celebrated law-suit against the Spanish Government.

Another map which Columbus made, or ordered to be made under his direction, represented *all the islands and countries in the West which were discovered until the month of August, 1501*. This chart of Columbus is

mentioned in a letter of an Italian savant, who says that he was in possession of it.\*

4. Bartholomaeus Columbus, the brother of Christopher, was likewise an industrious constructor of geographical maps. He made a picture of his own and his brother's discoveries among the *Antilian Islands* in the year 1505. An Italian cosmographer, Alessandro Zorze, was afterwards, as he states himself, still in the possession of his map, and Humboldt thinks that it could perhaps be found somewhere in Italy.

5. Amerigo Vespucci had some astronomical knowledge, was able to observe latitude and longitude, and constructed maps on his repeated voyages of discoveries along the coasts of South America. A German contemporary, the learned abbot of the Benedictine convent of Tritenheim, speaks of a great map which represented all the discoveries of Vespucci, and of which he says that such a high price was demanded for it that he unhappily could not buy it. †

6. Sebastian Cabot composed also a map of his discoveries along the whole east coasts of North America. The English historian, Hackluyt, tells us that this map of Cabot's discoveries was engraved by a certain Clement Adams, and that copies of it were to be seen still at his (Hackluyt's) time, about 1600, in the King's private gallery at Westminster, as well as in many merchants' houses. Hackluyt gives us only the inscription contained on this map. ‡ Perhaps such a map may be found still somewhere in England.

7. A very often mentioned map is that "Sketch of Newfoundland and Vicinity" which was made in the year of the death of Columbus (1506) by the French navigator, Jean Denis, of Honfleur. The French captains and fishermen sailed already since 1504 yearly over to the Banks of Newfoundland. The said Jean Denis was one of them, and he brought back to France that very often praised map of those regions, the very first map which has ever been drawn of them. Already two years after Jean Denis (1506) the eastern and southern coasts were very well laid down on a map of America made in Rome, and also on all the subsequent old maps they are remarkably well delineated.

\* See Humboldt. Examen Critique, tome iv, p

71.

† Humboldt, in his preface to Gilliany's History of Behaim, p. 3.

‡ See Hackluyt, Vol. III. p. 6.

\* Humboldt. Examen Critique, tome i. pp 239-254.



I do not know what other survey could have guided these map constructors than that of the French captain; and it appears from this that his map must have been a very able work. We do at present not know where it is, but may it not be found still somewhere in France or Italy?

8. Fernando Magellan is said to have seen, "in the cabinet of the King of Portugal, a map of the world," said to have been composed by Martin Behaim and Vespucci, in which a passage or strait was depicted to the south of America, and to have derived from this map, at least partly, his conviction of the existence of such a passage. We know different maps made before Magellan on which his strait was indicated hypothetically. That there was a passage was already supposed by a few other cosmographers, who then on their maps laid down their suppositions as realities.

Magellan and his friend, the astronomer, Paineiro, when they left Portugal (1517) and arrived in Simancas, in Spain, to request the assistance of the court of Spain, composed there "a globe on which they depicted America and the configuration of the great oceans between America and the Old World," as they believed them to be. And with the help of this globe they tried to convince the Spanish authorities of the possibility of reaching the Spice Islands, the great object of their undertaking, by a circumnavigation of America in the south.\* How interesting would it be for us if we could still find again this globe or a copy of it!

Magellan of course composed afterwards also a "map of his strait and the Pacific ocean," when he had actually sailed through it; also this map has been lost to it. By Pigafetta, one of his companions, has been preserved to us only the copy of a very imperfect and rough sketch of the strait. There is no doubt that Magellan himself on board his ship made something more complete and perfect. Seven years after the return of Magellan's ship *Victoria*, the cosmographer of the Emperor Charles V. (Ribero) composed a map of America on which the strait is very well depicted in a reduced scale. Ribero must have had before his eyes large and complete maps, either those of Magellan

or those of his successor, Loaysa, who continued the Pacific discoveries commenced by Magellan.

9. All the famous discoverers of the east coast of the United States—Vasquez de Ayllon, 1520 and 1525; Verrazano, 1524; Estevan Gomes, 1525—composed maps of their discoveries and of the countries and islands along this east coast. The above named Ribero, when he composed his great map of America, (1529,) worked after their surveys. But he reduced them very much, and we unhappily do not know where the originals are.

10. When the French navigator, Cartier, discovered the St. Lawrence and explored every bay and outlet of the great gulf east of this river, he composed a map of these waters. We have different reduced copies of this map which were made soon after him. But if we could find the original maps of Cartier himself we would possess in them the truly authentic documents for the illustration of the history of this remarkable man.

11. We know for certain that also Henry Hudson composed maps of all his American discoveries. We have preserved in the British Museum a very good copy of his maps of Hudson's Bay, made in the very year after his death and after the return of his men. But we are not so fortunate with respect to his map which he constructed of his discoveries on Delaware and Hudson river, (1609.) He brought these maps back to Holland, where they disappeared, and where until now they have not been rediscovered.

12. Also the first maps which have been composed of New England are not more in our reach. The oldest worth anything which we have is that of Capt. John Smith, made in the year 1614. But already in the year 1606 the Capts. Thos. Hanham and M. Pringe explored the whole coast and all its bays, and brought back to England a description, report, and map of the country, which were, as Sir Fernando Gorges says, the most satisfactory that ever came to his hands.\* We have lost them, or at least not yet found them again.

13. Davis, the famous discoverer of Davis's Strait, (1580,) and Baffin, the still more celebrated explorer of the Arctic regions,

\*See about this Navarrete's great work on the Early Voyages of Discovery to America, T. IV., p. 36.

\*See Holmes's Annals, I., 154.

(1616,) inform us that they made maps of their discoveries and brought them home to England.\* What the fate of these interesting maps was we do not know. Those of Baffin we have completely lost. Those of Davis are at least preserved us in a reduced copy, made by a contemporary. The wealthy merchant of London, Mr. Sanderson, Davis's friend and protector, procured this copy and

\* See the statement of Davis in his letter, to be found in Hackluyt III, p. 120, and that of Baffin, in his letter to be found in Purchas III, p. 843.

ordered a famous geographer of the time, Mr. Molineux, to lay a tracing of it down on a globe, which was constructed at Sanderson's expense and cost, and which can to-day still be seen in the middle temple in London.

How highly interesting and useful would it have been for our modern Arctic navigators (Ross, Parry, Kane) if we could have furnished them with true drafts of the original maps of their predecessors, Davis and Baffin!

**COUNTRY BILLS.**—Country bills occasionally furnish curious specimens of "the sublime art" by which thought is conveyed. A gentleman in Devonshire received this account from the village carpenter:

	s. d.
"A wood barrow	
A wooden do . . . . .	0 6
A wooden barrow	
A wood do . . . . .	4 0"

It signified there was a charge of sixpence for a wooden barrow which would not do, and of four shillings for a wooden barrow which would do.

A gentleman staying at Beddgelert in Wales received this account:

	s. d.
"1855. Gents.	
Bettadoes . . . . .	2 0
Abls . . . . .	1 2
Begn . . . . .	1 9
Fluar . . . . .	1 0
4 Loofs ot gees . . . . .	0 8
Egs . . . . .	1 0"

The articles were potatoes, apples, bacon, flour, loaves or oat cakes, eggs. Gents was the complimentary title by which the stranger and his family were addressed. — *Notes and Queries.*

**AN ADVERTISEMENT.**—Whether the advertisement, which I have as a printed post-bill, was ever posted on the walls of Coleraine, I know not, but it possesses sufficient peculiarities of phrase to be preserved in "N. & Q." as a curiosity. S.

"To be Let,

To an Oppidan, a Ruricolect, or a Cosmopolitan, and may be entered upon immediately,

The House in STONE ROW, lately possessed by CAPT. SIREE. To avoid Verbosity, the Proprietor with Compendiosity will give a Perfunctory description of the Premises, in the Compagnation of which he has Sedulously studied the convenience of the Occupant—it is free from Opacity, Tenebrosity, Fumidity, and Injuncun-

dity, and no building can have greater Pellucidity or Translucency—in short its Diaphaneity even in the Crepuscle makes it like a Pharos, and without Laud for its Agglutination and Amenity, it is a most Delectable Commorance; and whoever lives in it will find that the Neighbours have none of the Truculence, the Immanity, the Trovity, the Spinosity, the Putidness, the Pugnacity—nor the Fugacity observable in other parts of the town, their Propinquity and Consanguinity, occasions Jucundity and Pudicity—from which and the Redolence of the place (even in the dog-days) they are remarkable for Longevity. For terms and particulars apply to JAMES HUTCHISON opposite the MARKET HOUSE."

"Colerain, 30th September, 1790."

—*Notes and Queries.*

**AN ENGLISH BULL.**—Theodore Hook, in his excellent novel of *Maxwell* (vol. III. ch. xi.), says:

"It is lucky that men and women are not gifted with prescience, unless indeed the gift were universally accompanied by the power and means of avoiding the consequences, which such an instinctive perception would so fearfully exhibit."

Consequences which will be avoided will never occur, and therefore can never be foreseen.

*Notes and Queries.*

**JAMAICA: INTERESTING DISCOVERY.**—The hurricane which passed over Jamaica on April 24, led to many discoveries. Among others, and that probably of the greatest interest, was the iron cage in which the Spaniards, when masters of the island, used to put criminals who were sentenced to death, and hang them alive. It was washed up with the bones inside, about three miles from Uppark Camp, near Kingston; and was examined with great curiosity by the officers of the regiment quartered there.—*Notes and Queries.*

*American Slavery: a Reprint of an article on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of which a portion was inserted in the 206th number of the Edinburgh Review.*

It seems that the critique on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the *Edinburgh Review*, some fifteen months ago, was "partially published" during the author's absence from Europe. It now appears verbatim from the proofs as finally settled by the writer himself. To the completed article are added the speech of Mr. Charles Sumner which led to the assault upon him, and a variety of matter relating to that subject or to the Kansas question.

The article deserved separate publication, without reference to the omissions which have moved the author. The paper, some will remember, was less merely a criticism on "Uncle Tom" than a brief notice of the history of slavery, and an investigation of the principles of American slavery, especially of that part of the institution which relates to "breeding" for the home market. The leading facts that exhibit the history or illustrate its principles are well selected. They are presented in a style which some perhaps will recognize by its terse lucidity as that of a distinguished political economist as well as a wise reformer of olden time, when reform was not so easy a profession as it is now. Yet he evidently looks on America with opinions shaken by late events.

"The moral and intellectual character of Mr. Sumner has long been admired by Europe. To sympathy for his courage is now added sympathy for his calamity. I cannot believe that he has suffered in vain. I cannot believe that the great country to which he is an honor is destined to be much longer an example of the depravation and ferocity which sudden wealth and uncontrolled power can produce in nations,

as they have often produced them in individuals

"The present degradation of the United States is a tremendous warning. It must sadden and alarm all who believe in the excellence of purely democratic institutions."

The outrage on Mr. Sumner, its different reception in the North and in the South, and the general nature of the Kansas question, are well known through the newspapers. The speech of Mr. Sumner is not so accessible. It is long and able, in a style to which we are not accustomed; being classical rhetoric engrafted on stump oratory. Severe it undoubtedly is, and very bitter; but we know not that it can properly be called personal—certainly not according to American practice. But whatever it may have been, it was repaid in kind upon the spot, so far as the opposing orators had the means. Mr. Douglas, a late candidate for the Presidency, whom Mr. Sumner had designated as Sancho Panza to Don Quixote (Mr. Butler), thus replied—

"Is it the object of the Senator to provoke some of us to kick him as we would a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement?"

Mr. Mason of Virginia, the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill, was a degree higher in pitch, but in the same strain—

"The necessity of political position alone brings me into relations with men upon this floor whom elsewhere I cannot acknowledge as possessing manhood in any form. Here I am constrained to hear depravity, vice in its most odious form uncoiled in this presence, exhibiting its loathsome deformities in accusation and vilification against the quarter of the country from which I come; and I must listen to it because it is a necessity of my position, under a common Government, to recognize as an equal, politically, one whom to see elsewhere is to shun and despise."—*Spectator* 23 August.

**CAT WORSHIP.**—The cat, which old ladies love and cherish with Egyptian fondness, but with just enough of romance in their affection to acquit them of idolatry, was one of the sacred animals before which that people bowed in worship to their sidereal deities. It seems to have owed its consecration and divine honors to a peculiar physical attribute the contractibility and dilatibility of the pupil of the eye, exhibiting so mysterious an illustration of, and (as a matter of course) relation to the moon's changes, as to give rise to the notion that the animal shared in some degree the influence of that luminary! I do not know whether there was any

correspondence in point of time in these supposed ocular demonstrations of the lunar phases, to give birth to so monstrous a superstition.

—Notes and Queries.

**CONCERT FOR HORSES.**—"The eccentric Lord Holland of the reign of William III. used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery specially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts, and improved their temper, and an eye-witness says that 'they seemed to be greatly delighted therewith.'"—*Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

# 256 TO MY BROTHER. — THE OLD MAN AND THE CHILDREN.

## TO MY BROTHER.

COME with me, dearest, to the river's side,  
Where the bright floods make music as they  
flow,  
And while we wander by its sparkling tide,  
Sweet memories will rise of long ago,  
And thoughts, that childhood bade these waters  
keep,  
Flash forth once more from their enchanted sleep.  
Look where it flows, unchanged, unchangable,  
Foaming o'er rocks and rippling to the sun,  
The shy trout plays among its eddies still,  
Where dense and dark the restless currents  
run;  
How strange to know that thrice three years  
have past,  
Since we two wandered by its margin last!  
Yet change is here; when we were wont to stray  
From morn till eve these woody banks among,  
Thick hung the hawthorn blossoms from the  
spray,  
And birds of spring in every thicket sung;  
And, like a shower of gold, the bonny broom  
Flung to the amorous gale her buds of rich per-  
fume.  
Now autumn looks o'er fields of ripen'd corn,  
And sere leaves rustle where our footsteps fall;  
Few and unfrequent now the notes are borne,  
That made these solitudes so musical:  
And so it is with us, for life no more,  
Though happy still, is spring time as of yore.  
Ay, we are changed: upon thy noble brow  
Dwells the deep musing meet for manhood's  
prime;  
Thy step is firmer, and thy rich locks now  
Are somewhat darken'd by the touch of Time,  
And graver cares are round thy spirit twined,  
Than in these shades thy childhood left behind.  
Yet, though time sports with outward forms at  
will,  
In deeper things his breath has scarce been  
felt,  
And the long lapse of years doth find us still  
Before the shrines at which our childhood  
knelt;  
And what in those young days we wont to prize,  
Are still the same, the dearest in our eyes.  
Still, as of yore, 't is thy delight to bend  
Where some bold river thunders on its course,  
Where cataracts in whiten'd showers descend,  
Deafening the air with clamor loud and hoarse,  
Thou lovest to ply the angler's silent art,  
Alone with nature, and thy own deep heart.  
Thou hast gone forth to mingle with the world,  
And breath'd the air of many a foreign clime;  
But from thy spirit never has been hurl'd  
The warm, fresh feeling of that early time;  
And I behold the glory of thy youth,  
Blest with an honest heart of kindness and  
truth.  
For we, though years have borne upon their  
flight  
A thousand joys my childhood could not dream,  
My soul has ever found its chief delight

By lonely mountain glen, or gushing stream,  
And life can yield no pleasure and no pride  
Dearer than this, — to wander by thy side.  
And should we hither stray; when young ro-  
mance  
Has faded in the world's ungenial air,  
And the soft lightning of the eagle glance  
In those dark eyes, be seen but faintly there,  
O! may we find in nature's beauty still  
A joy all shadowless, a charm for every ill!  
— *Tails' Magazine.*

## THE OLD MAN AND THE CHILDREN.

BY JAMES PRITCHETT BIGG.

SPRING was busy in the woodlands,  
Climbing up from peak to peak,  
As an old man sat and brooded,  
With a flush upon his cheek.  
Many years press'd hard upon him,  
And his living friends were few,  
And from out the sombre future  
Troubles drifted into view.  
There is something moves one strangely  
In old ruins grey with years;  
Yet there's something far more touching  
In an old face wet with tears.  
And he sat there, sadly sighing  
O'er his feebleness and wrongs,  
Though the birds outside his window  
Talk'd of summer in their songs!  
But, behold, a change comes o'er him:  
Where are all his sorrows now?  
Could they leave his heart as quickly  
As the gloom-clouds left his brow?  
Up the green slope of his garden,  
Past the dial, he saw run  
Three young girls, with bright eyes shining  
Like their brown heads in the sun!  
There was Fanny, famed for wisdom;  
And fair Alice, famed for pride;  
And one that could say, "Uncle,"  
And said little else beside.  
And that vision startled memories,  
That soon hid all scenes of strife,  
Sending floods of hallow'd sunshine  
Through the ragged rents of life.  
Then they took him from his study,  
Through long lanes and tangled bowers,  
Out into the shaded valleys,  
Richly tinted o'er with flowers.  
And he bless'd their merry voices  
Singing round him as he went,  
For the sight of their wild gladness  
Fill'd his own heart with content.  
And, that night, there came about him  
Far-off meadows pictured fair,  
And old woods in which he wander'd,  
Ere he knew the name of care;  
And he said, "These angel-faces  
Take the whiteness from one's hair!"  
— *Titan.*